TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

NEWS, LITERATURE, POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

VOL. XXXIX. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1871. NO. 13

Poetry.

FARM BALLADS.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR HOUSE.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I'm not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If any body only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married; sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in wyin' to get along,

And so we worked together: and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'rn's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much wethink of our blessed little ones!—
I'd've have died for my daughters, I'd've have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow falls to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when' exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fail—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things to'rds;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never sw..llowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetick.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, and then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how rang it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with child'rn three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas' buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the child'rn was on me—I could'nt stand their noise—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was coming there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne it pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'rn dear, good by!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

—*From Harper's Weekly.*

Another Denizen of Pompeii.

Another skeleton has been added to the painfully interesting collection in the Museum of Pompeii, and there are now (says a correspondent of the London *Athenæum*) the remains of six of the unhappy victims of the eruption which overwhelmed that city. The ingenious method adopted by Fiorelli is too well known to render any description of it necessary—every guide-book repeats it, and on the first experiment being made I sent you a full and detailed report. The bed of ashes, in which this, the sixth skeleton was found, or rather which preserved the impress of it, though mixed with *lapilli*, gives the form of the deceased with an exactitude which far surpasses that observed in any other instance. The head has succeeded to perfection, and the legs and feet are so well finished as to leave nothing to desire. Apparently the form is that of a man of the lower class, in the flower of youth. In his flight he fell backward, and his agony is strongly expressed in the contortions of his face, and in the convulsive clasp of the left hand.

Selected Story.

THE INTENT MAKES THE CRIME

An Old Reporter's Story.

A reporter's story differs from others, in that it always comes to light under peculiar circumstances. The story teller and the circumstances under which the story is told, stand in such relation to the story that the narrator comes in as a character, and the circumstances follow as incidents in the narration. In this case, the curtain rises on a scene in the little back parlor of the old National Restaurant, showing a circle of newspaper men gathered about the cozy round table in the center. This was a select circle, and, in the language of the members, "a jolly crowd."

There was R., a ready writer, witty and pointed in conversation, whose highest ambition, however, was to ape the manners and to incorporate in his writings something of the style of the End Man of a minstrel troupe. Young A., sensitive and quiet, a poet in his life, forming sentences delicately as if by instinct, shrinking from contact with everything rough and yet writing living and most effective descriptions of most terrible or sorrowful incidents or events. Old Judge S., dignified and polished, forming his letters with a writing master's exactness and his sentences by dictionary rule, careful as to his statements, never soiling his hands nor unbending from his editorial importance. Old C., a veteran in the service, quick and nervous in every movement, with the eye and uneasy manner of a sentry, always on duty, always ready to move at a moment's notice—a fine robust figure, hair gray, with dark shades running through it, according to no established rule, and heavy whiskers, darker than the bushy hair on the head. This man had been a reporter for forty years, and seemed still as active at fifty-eight as he was at eighteen. His nervousness was an emphatic accomplishing of results in an orderly manner—his body moved in an expressive way, or with a sort of pantomimic emphasis with every thought, and when much in earnest in conversation his hands always moved rapidly, as though he wrote every word spoken in phonographic characters. He did this at table, in the parlor, at the public meeting, at his home, where he would tell his child a nursery tale, and industriously phonograph every word, in motion, on his knee.

This man rarely joined our circle, because his wife and little ones were the subjects of his special devotion. He never touched wine or intoxicating drinks of any kind, and was never more than his quiet, orderly, emphatic self, comprehending what you meant to say, if you stammered what you were on the point of saying, if you didn't speak at all, divining it seemed your every thought.

This curious old man, inspired, or warmed up, rather, by a cup of coffee, as necessary to him as was a bottle of ale to the Judge, a mug of beer to jolly R., or a glass of lemonade to young A., was the story-teller of the evening. Playing with his spoon, he looked so steadily at the young man with the lemonade as to much embarrass him, and to such an extent that our jolly mug of beer man made a diversion in his favor, saying with a minstrel twang, "Why doest thou thusly, mine ancient friend? Keep thy sharp looks for times when they are more needed than now, and more acceptable, and tell us such tale of time as will make our breath chatter and our teeth come short."

"I was thinking," said the old man, marking out on the table cover with his spoon handle the words in phonographic characters, "I—was—thinking—*thinking* (emphatic motion of the spoon handle, as if shading the word think beyond mistake) what a clear womanly face our young friend has, and how unconscious he is of the fact he so manages in his absent-minded way to let those who please, see to the very bottom of his soul. I like these faces with the soul stealing out all over them. But—I beg your pardon, Sir." Then to the crowd: "I have a story to tell—a strictly professional one."

This Judge will remember the murder trial at ——, in 185—. I reported the trial and watched its course with uncommon interest. The prisoner had a transparent face that allowed the spectator or observer to understand every emotion of his soul. Every thought that lived in the mind shone out in the face.

A prominent lawyer had been murdered at night in his bed chamber, and this man—let us call him Blake—was accused of the murder. Blake, though not a bad man, was a reckless one. Laboring under the impression that all lawyers had persecuted him, and this one in particular, he had an enemy in the deceased for years. Several times he had been arrested for petty offences, committed while intoxicated, and on one charge, more serious, the lawyer referred to appeared as opposing counsel at court. The accused was convicted and sentenced to a term in the dungeon of the county jail. The night after the release, maddened by thirty days' brooding in darkness and amid loathsome surroundings, and inflamed by liquor, which he drank on his release, he forced an entrance into the lawyer's house, fully prepared, and fully determined to murder. He knew the house well for once the two men had been intimate friends, and he made his way to the lawyer's bedchamber without difficulty. This room, it appears, was lighted by the fire still burning in the grate, but the man with murder in his heart was too intent on his crime, to hesitate, and with a new defiance, inspired by the fire light, he sprang toward the bed ready and determined to strike the blow. The lawyer's wife was aroused by the step, but apparently not alarmed. She raised to a sitting posture in a dreamy way, and looked at the man with a child-like, stupid sort of astonishment.

The would-be murderer, completely nonplussed by this turn of affairs, turned and left the room and the house. The woman saw the man plainly in this waking state, or thought she did, and fully understood the meaning expressed so plainly on his face. She knew the whole sad story of his life, his disappointments and trials—he had once been a lover—and after assuring herself that he had left the house, she, with her woman's charity, determined to take her own time to tell her husband of the extraordinary intrusion.

An hour or so later she was called to another part of the house to attend the wants of a sick child.

She remained absent from her room some time, soothing the child and applying the remedies. Hearing some noise in her husband's room, and supposing that, animated by anxiety and a desire to render assistance, he was dressing himself to come to her, she sent a servant to say to him that the child was much better, and for him to remain in bed. The servant returned screaming murder, and the wife on rushing to the bed chamber, found her husband in the death struggle, bleeding from three terrible wounds in the breast.

After the first hour of terrible grief the woman was cool and collected, and told her story of Blake's entrance with the clearness of a detective.

Before morning Blake was arrested and lodged in prison. He was found wandering along the river bank half drunk and half a maniac, appearances indicating that he was on the point of committing suicide. When the case came before court there was no evidence against the man but the woman's story, and this was plain and convincing. The defense admitted the forcible entry of the house, but aimed to prove, by the servant, that the murderer, of whom she had caught a glimpse, was not this man. Before she heard the story of her mistress she had described the murderer as quite a different person, in different dress, but after hearing the story she believed honestly that Blake was the murderer. She was so bewildered in court, so embarrassed by the persistent questioning of lawyers, that her statements were not at all consistent, and her evidence was worth but little.

The widow's story, however, went to the heart like cold steel, the blood almost ceasing to flow during her narration, and lawyers even seeming abashed in her presence as a witness. She was recalled several times, but every repetition of the story made the case worse for the prisoner. Her story at first had been simple, direct, almost charitable. Under the questioning of the lawyers it became terrible in its earnest striking at guilt.

These were the points brought out on the trial. A great mass of unmeaning stuff was thrown about the case, but the people, including the jury, heard only the story of the unfortunate woman.

I remember well the scene in court during the argument of the case. The counsel for the defence insinuated that the wife and servant might know more about the murder than had been told, more than they could be made to tell; that the seemingly innocent were sometimes the guilty, and those accused of crime the innocent. As the lawyer proceeded the prisoner half rose in his seat, and under the influence of strong feeling shook his head to every insinuation of his own counsel. And when the counsel for the prosecution drew the picture of the murder, described the feeling that animated the murderer, his evident *intent* to kill the man when he approached the bed—as he proceeded to lay particular stress on the idea that "intent makes the crime," the prisoner's face expressed such a consciousness of guilt that he seemed on the point of confessing all. During the whole trial his face seemed to say, "guilty, with a full knowledge of the guilt, and wretched."

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and in due time the sentence was pronounced. The trial had created the most intense excitement, and the sentence of death was received with evident satisfaction by the people at large. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, the prisoner, with a face that said "it is just," as plainly as words could have said it, replied firmly, "Not one word."

Much to the surprise of the public the sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life in the penitentiary at ——, and though there was much indignation expressed at the time, the case was soon forgotten, or at least it ceased to agitate the people.

During a long interval of imprisonment, the reporters occasionally brought it forward by reference to the prisoner's behavior in prison; his admission to the effect that the sentence was just; his tacit acknowledgments that he was guilty; his evident repentance; his declining health, and, finally, by references to his insanity.

The man, after a few years, was withdrawn from the workshops and confined in the insane department of the prison. He was violent only at times, but was always discussing with some imaginary person the statement that "intent makes the crime." His arguments were ingenious and his conclusions strictly logical from his standpoint. He never failed to convict his man on the intent, and always did it with great satisfaction. The prison chaplain and physician were much interested in his case, and studied him closely. He turned aside every expression of sympathy by such words as, "I see your intent; I judge you accordingly. Mere words and acts are nothing. The intent is everything," &c.

Several efforts were made to interest the Executive of the State in the prisoner's behalf, with the view of having him pardoned. The prison officers, many prominent citizens who knew the man's story, and even the widow of the murdered man, signed a petition for pardon. The judge before whom the case was tried opposed the movement, however, and two or three of the jury would not sign the petition. Each Governor took the impregnable position that it was not his province to try the case, fell back on the arguments of the judge, and year after year went by with the strange maniac still an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum.

There was but one lady who ventured to visit this part of the prison. She was the sweet faced young wife of a very earnest young minister of the Gospel, who went to the prison chapel, hospital, workshops and madhouse with no idle curiosity, but with a spirit as earnest as her husband's, and an influence more powerful. I knew this lady well, and on more than one occasion went with her party to visit parts of the prison closed against me as a reporter. Her sympathy was not expressed so much in words as in manner, look or smiles. She seemed to comprehend at once, without questioning, what the convicts in the hospital desired or required, and took a pure child-like delight in reading letters from their friends to them, underscoring with her pencil each warm expression, or the name of child or other loved one at home. In doing any good act she became absorbed and lived in the doing.—The convicts looked for her coming with an eagerness something like that of a child, and gay as she might be outside, the moment she stepped inside her face assumed a sweet, sad look that gave a sacred softness to her presence.

Her influence on the insane man was wonderful. The touch of her hand to his forehead seemed to still the storm in the brain, and he was always quiet and subdued as a boy. At last he became ill; the violence of his disease left him, and he was removed to the hospital. The visits of his good lady friend were frequent, and he talked with her freely as occasion offered. One day she surprised him in tears, and with a sweet, childlike expression on his really handsome face, though strange it had been made in every feature by long confinement and a peculiar train of thought. As I said before, his soul lived in his face, and there was a meaning there now that caused the woman's face to reflect to the close observing physician, "This man is innocent." As she stood by the bedside she seemed like a beautiful statue wakening to life—as though each feature of the marble face, and arms and fingers felt a strange life-thrill warning them into the full meaning of the poet-artist's conception. So waked this woman to the full realization of the new sentiment expressed in the man's face, and she accepted what she saw as truth. Her whole manner changed, and by some means she led the sick man to tell his story. I heard afterward, from her lips, made beautiful as a poetic temperament, a sympathetic nature and eloquent words could make it. Yet I doubt not that the man himself told it quite as well. So I do not exaggerate when I give you the story as it impressed me.

The man told hurriedly of his early life, of his love for the girl who became the wife of the murdered man, of misfortunes maddening him, and of the incidents of his reckless career. He felt no bitterness toward the girl after her marriage. A coldness arose, however, between himself and her husband. The motives of each were misunderstood, and the man who had been his schoolmate and intimate friend became his enemy.—Blake's love for his old friend became hate, and his mind being of the restless and suspicious and sensitive nature, he construed every little act into an offence, and brooded over it until it became an unpardonable insult. He still retained his warm feeling for the man's wife, and persuaded himself that she must be persecuted by her husband. Some gossiping, evil-minded persons, unhappily married themselves, and therefore wishing to create the impression that all others were, encouraged him in this idea until his mind accepted it as a fact. The devotion of the wife to her husband maddened him, and he, by a strange process construing this devotion to her husband's discredit, always had an inclination to strike the man down. The last speech of the lawyer, so heartless and cruel from his standpoint, caused him to resolve on murder, and he entered the house on the night of his arrest in a state of frenzy. He did not care to be quiet or careful.—It seemed, as he effected an entrance, that nothing could stop him from killing his enemy and grinding the body to atoms.

The scene that was presented as he entered the bed-chamber bewildered him. He had not thought of finding the wife with her husband. He had thought only of killing, not of how or where. The fire threw rays of light about the room; now dim, now surging to a flood of brilliancy, showing him the two in sweet slumber, the wife's head resting on the husband's arm, her pretty face nestling in or against his whiskers in a confiding way, the picture speaking, in its silent sotiness, a trust and love that he thought was lavished on one who did not and could not appreciate.

With murder still in his heart, not so much now from will as because the impulse had been so strong, he raised his hand to strike. The presence of danger seemed to wake the woman, but she came from sleep like a child, scarcely realizing what was threatening her, rubbing her eyes in a childish way, yawning deliberately, and then meeting the gaze of the intruder without a terror. She seemed to comprehend, but not to fear. Her face expressed a sort of indignant astonishment rather than of alarm. The presence of the woman he had so loved stilled the murderous feeling in his heart. He did not wish her to know of his wrong doing, and when his nerves acknowledged his controlling power he retired hastily, feeling as guilty as if he had struck the blow. He expected to be arrested; and when arrested he felt that he could not plead innocence because he had so fully intended to murder. He believed that he was guilty to all intents and purposes, and considered it his duty to suffer the full penalty of the law. He thought it wrong, even, to state the case as it was to his counsel, and satisfied his conscience by creating the impression that was the murderer.

The verdict of the jury pleased him, and he felt relieved when the sentence of the Judge was pronounced. Death, however disgraceful, would have been welcome. The change of sentence to imprisonment for life had not been of his own asking, but he accepted with the thought that others knew best how such a criminal should be treated. His feeling of guilt for a time grew stronger—almost too heavy to bear.

There was, however, no fear connected with this feeling—no image of the blood-stained murdered man rising up before him to reproach. He felt guilty as a murderer before the public, but innocent of any positive crime against his old friend and later enemy. He fancied sometimes that the spirit of the latter was with him in his dark, close cell at midnight, but there was nothing terrible in the thought of the presence. He often opened his eyes wide and peered into the darkness with the earnest prayer that he might see his friend—that he might explain to him how guilty he felt, how willing he was to submit to any punishment to expiate his crime, and how earnest his hope was that he might live long enough to be punished sufficiently. He tried to wash the stain away by earnest attention to duty, and after a time it did seem to fade.

He had never felt that he was insane, but had thought his confinement in the madhouse a severe type of punishment, and though it was hard to bear at first, he bore it with the consciousness of performing his duty, and felt that the stain became lighter. But as he felt less guilty he grew weaker, and felt his mind wander as it had done when he was a child, under the influence of fever. His mother then alone, had power to soothe her boy, and with the touch of the hand of the young minister's wife the old soothing influence of the mother seemed to be repeated for the convict. This young woman, in one of their talks, had told him that love was not true love unless it was *expressed* in some way, and that the intent to commit a crime, on the same principle, could not be as criminal as the crime committed. The intent was a degree of crime, but it could be expressed—it was an offence against the man nature, not against any individual. This was a woman's reasoning to lead the diseased mind away from the current that was carrying it on toward hopeless insanity.

After a great struggle, this new thought finally took possession of him, and he believed that he was pardoned before God and by his friend. This caused him to feel again like a child, penitent, weak and tearful, and gave him courage to tell his story.

The woman, with the one idea of the prisoner's innocence in her mind, with the one purpose to reach the Governor controlling every movement, left the prison without a word, and without bonnet and uncloaked, regardless of mud and water and curious looks of puzzled people, hurried to the Governor's office, into which she went unannounced to tell her story of the man's innocence. The Governor treated her much as he would have treated an excited, earnest child, heard her story to the end, and then assuring her that the case would receive his earnest consideration, told her to call again in a week. She had expected that the Governor, seeing the case as she saw it, would seize a pen, and as she would have done, in a fit of enthusiastic devotion to justice, with one sympathetic dash write the man's pardon. Therefore the answer was unsatisfactory, and before two days had passed she was back again, accompanied by her husband and the Prison Chaplain, and armed with an appeal in behalf of the prisoner from the Warden or Superintendent of the prison. The man was dying, and she "Oh, so much wanted him to die a pardoned man."

Her plea was a powerful one, but the Governor would take no action in the case. He could not believe the story, and he would not pardon the man. Men had been pardoned to die, but when once out of prison they had recovered with extraordinary rapidity, and when well had engaged new crimes.

She left the office sobbing like a heart-broken child, staggering blindly against tables, and requiring assistance to reach the outer doors.

The next morning she received a message directing her to come at once to the Executive office. The messenger found her quite ill, and returned to report the fact, but while he was stating the condition of things the sick woman walked into the office. Another story, not half so well told as her own, narrated by the bluff Sheriff of a distant county, convinced the Governor of the prisoner's innocence, and the pardon was ready for her to carry to the prison. Two weeks before a convict had been taken from the Penitentiary to be tried for murder. He was under sentence for burglary, but developments after his trial rendered it probable that he was guilty of murder also, and, convict as he was, he was tried on the charge of murdering in cold blood an old and much respected citizen during the war, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The unusual circumstances attending the trial much inflamed the public mind, and the Sheriff, in returning the convict to jail after the new sentence had been pronounced, thought he discovered signs of a mob spirit in the crowd that awaited him on the street, and to avoid excitement hurried the prisoner into his own residence, intending to transfer him to the jail as opportunity offered. His housekeeper, as she opened the door and saw the criminal with the peculiar expression on his face, fear of the crowd as well as trouble and despair, screamed "murder" in a hysterical way, repeating as a maniac would, "That's the man—that's the man." This woman was the servant whose testimony had been so contradictory in court, and who now recognized in this man the murderer of the lawyer at ——.

Already under sentence of death, the guilty man confessed his crime, giving such particulars of the murder as made it apparent that he had taken advantage of Blake's entrance to enter also, in the hope of securing booty. He watched the wife when she left the bed room, and with the thought of securing her jewels, lying on the bureau and her husband's watch hanging near, he ventured into the room. The lawyer, it appears, was not in deep slumber, and discovering the presence of the burglar, and being a very resolute man, he sprang upon him as he reached over to take the watch from the case over the bed. The desperate thief struck three quick blows with his knife and dashed recklessly down a back stairway, unlocked the door and made good his escape. The arrest of Blake and the peculiar circumstances connected therewith, made it quite easy for him to escape detection, and he continued his reckless career.

This, in brief, was the story of the man. The confession in due form, was presented to the Governor, who listened to the Sheriff's story with the full sympathy for the unfortunate Blake which had been aroused by the appeal of the young minister's wife.

As was told the woman in a few minutes. The Governor taking her fluttering hand and looking down into the flushed face, said:

"I congratulate you, my dear madam, on the success of your efforts. Fully appreciating your feelings, I have supposed that you would like to present this paper to the prisoner."

She kissed the Governor's hand, clutched the pardon with the eagerness of one long desiring and just receiving, and danced out of the office like a romping school-girl, had not her tears and smiles and the expression of her face made the dancing step seem like the flight of an angel of mercy.

Once at the prison she scarcely awaited permission to see the convict. She went at once to his bed side and told him in her way the story of his pardon. He accepted the truth unwillingly—seemed scarcely to realize how much the confession and pardon meant to him, until the bluff Sheriff with many a choking interruption explained.

Instead of growing stronger he became weaker. There was relaxation mentally and physically. The next day I saw him, only his pale face and bright dark eyes showing that there was life in the bed of white. Never saw I so much meaning in eyes as there was in his. The low calm replies that he made to the Chaplain's inquiries were scarcely needed to have me understand that now he did not believe it wrong to wish to die, that he no longer considered it a duty to live for punishment, and was gliding willingly with the current of disease toward death, ready to meet in the great beyond whatever the Ruler of All, who knew his guilt and his desire to atone should measure out to him.

He died in an hour afterwards, with the hand of the woman who had been so good a friend to him to close his eyes in death, and with the earnest prayers of her husband to mingle with his last feeble fluttering words. Emaciated convicts struggled to a half sitting posture as the woman sobbed "Poor man—he is dead!"—as it expecting to see the spirit fly upward, and the scene about the death-bed seemed like an old historical picture of death in some royal household.

I wish you could see the prison hospital picture as I saw it. The dying prisoner with pardon paper pressed to his heart, the sobbing woman, the kneeling divine, the warden and physician and attendants expressing sorrow in look and attitude, the haggard invalid convicts, rising as if from death couches with unearthly excitement pictured on their faces—this was the picture that has impressed the story upon my mind.

The world sneered perhaps at the sensation stories that appeared in connection with the confession of the real murderer, no two alike, all written by men who wrote to startle rather than with intention to tell the truth. Scarcely a thought was given to the man who died in prison, with not a murmur at his long punishment and not a complaint to utter against a human being. He believed honestly that his intent made him a criminal and that his punishment was just.

This was the story of the old reporter. There was no aim at display, but an earnestness of manner that gave the sentences a living warmth and freighted them to the staggering point with heavy meaning. I felt the story influence me as I have many times been influenced by the glittering sentences and musical tones of an eloquent orator. Under the influence, and from the force of habit, I had almost unconsciously phonographed every word the narrator uttered.

The other listeners were quite as much interested, and, strange to say, our jolly friend with the mug of beer showed the greatest emotion. During the entire narration he was leaning forward with eyes fixed upon the face of the story-teller. He had not missed a single word, and now his eyes were filled with tears. The brusque manner concealed a good heart.

The old Judge pronounced the story a true one from the lawyer's standpoint, but a very good one as seen from the editorial tripod.

The young man with the earnest face said sorrowfully that he believed the story true, and then, after a short silence, added, with peculiar emphasis, that he knew it was. His last declaration caused the old man to start from his chair with a new meaning on his countenance. The young man, while seeming to express every thought in his face, had concealed a most important fact. He had listened calmly to the story of the life and death of his mother's only brother. The two, with a new feeling as attracting power, walked off together, and for the first time the remainder of the party understood why the sensitive and delicately organized young man could put such intensity in his descriptions of tragic occurrences.

Miscellany.

A Solemn Scene.

A Husband Reproaches Himself at the Funeral of His Wife.

From the Washington Chronicle of March 2.

At the funeral of his wife at New Brighton, Pa., on the 23d inst., Dr. E. P. Howland, of this city, made the following remarks:

I would like to say a few words to you. It may not be appropriate for me to say so; but I feel that it would do me good to say them, and it may be of benefit to you. I believe that it is not a law of nature and God that the life of a human being in the prime of existence should be blotted out. I believe it is designed that we should live a long life of association and happiness with each other, and that pain, disease and premature death is a consequence of violation of physical laws. I feel that part of my life has been a failure. I feel that I have not faithfully applied the knowledge and experience I have gained in surrounding her whom to day we shall lay in the grave beside our children, with those healthful influences and conditions that might have prolonged her life to as many more years. I feel that I might have removed her from those miasmatic influences which caused her death, but which I have been able to withstand. Regrets for the past will not now bring her back to life, but I hope they will influence us in regard to ourselves and the dear ones who are still around us. Your loss is a great one, but mine is greater. You have lost a daughter, a sister and a friend, but I have lost the companion of my life.

I have lost her who for nineteen years has been to me a loving wife and a faithful and true companion; one who, when misfortunes overlook me, when friends deserted and enemies assailed me, was ever at my side to encourage with words of cheer and works of help. She has gone at a time of life when her past experience had fitted her for greater usefulness in the future, and when her prospects for future happiness were bright and promising. Her sickness was of long duration, and she had entire consciousness to the last. Day by day she saw herself wasting away and her strength departing, but she was resigned to her condition, and did not complain. On the last day, when she knew that she could live but a little while longer, she sent her love to you all, and as she laid her weak hands on my face and gave me her parting kiss, she said that it it was a law of nature and of God that her spirit could revisit the earth she would aid and influence me in my future path of duty.

Oh that we may all live a life that we may die such a death. Do not let us live entirely for ourselves, but do all the good we can to those around us. I now go back to my labors, resolved to increase my usefulness to my fellow man, and that I will live a life that my spirit may be a fit companion to hers. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, although ties of kindred that bound us are severed, and the link of humanity that joined us is broken, I know that the affection and kindness that you have shown me during these long years will not be changed, and that you will be a father and mother, brothers and sisters, to me still, and that I will always have your best wishes for my future welfare.

A dispatch from Albina, Kansas, says five thousand head of mixed cattle and two thousand beeves, arrived there to-day. Close calculation shows that 132,000 head of Texas cattle are now within a radius of twenty-five miles of Albina.

WOMEN IN EARNEST.

What an Enterprising Widow Can do when she Will.

Within a stone's throw of Printing House Square, New York, an interesting and practical demonstation of woman's capability to do man's work successfully may be seen on any day of the week. The locality of the experiment is in New Chambers street, and the experimentalist is a woman of 30, whose husband died a short time ago and left her in possession of considerable property and a thriving business of considerable magnitude. One of the projects of the deceased was the building of a house for the accommodation of his family, and in which his business could be conducted on an enlarged scale. Before his pet enterprise he had well begun he was stricken by death. But the widow did not lose courage, although left to manage the many details of her husband's business, and to care for the property left to her guardianship. Many women in her situation would have hired an agent. Not so our heroine, however, for, finding that matters went smoothly under her own direction, and that she felt equal to the task, she turned to the consideration of the house-building project above mentioned. At first she thought of giving the work out by contract, but upon inquiry she found that the man who was to superintend the work was to receive as much for his services as the combined wages of the laborers employed. Seeing that if she could supply the place of this superintendent herself so much money would be saved, she determined to do so. Acting upon this determination she went to work, made the estimates of the cost of the construction of the house, and materials to be used, which is well up into the thousands, hired the laborers, bought the stone, brick and everything with which to commence operations, and herself "bosses" the job. Her time of course, is divided between managing her store and manufactory, watching the laborers on the new building, attending to the wants and wishes of her tenants, and looking out after her own interests as land-lady. Besides these busy laborers she has the superintendance of her own household, which is generally found to be enough occupation by women of her ample means. Her only assistant appears to be a daughter not yet sixteen years of age, whose labors are confined exclusively to the store. The lady is of German descent, has a share of comeliness, and is not at all unfeminine in manners. As far again be learned, she has never attended a woman's rights convention, and is unacquainted with the journals devoted to these interests. She does not consider herself the apostle of a new social revolution, and is altogether an unconscious heroine. The people in the neighborhood, which is the scene of her work from "early morn till dewy eve," speak of her as the "bosses," and she is frequently a topic of conversation among those passing by on the road to the ferry. All conversant with her circumstances speak in admiration of her pluck and energy. "Can she tell what constitutes a good day's work," said one who had paused for a moment, to an Irish laborer, who, like the speaker, was looking at the lady, dressed in her widow's weeds, as she stood surrounded with brick, stone, lumber and mortar, giving directions, and keeping a watchful eye on the brawny laborers engaged in digging the cellar for the new edifice. "Let her alone for that, sur; she's a smart woman; she's here whin the men go to work at 7 in the morning, and whin they stop at 6 at night. She can tell how much dirt a man ought to dig up and carry away to a shovelful. 'Deed, sur she's clever." And so she is.

A NOVEL PRIVATE WATCHMAN.

Burglars Frightened from their Booty by a Monkey.

From the Cincinnati Gazette, June 8th.

A few evenings ago, two burglars, finding it necessary to raise the wind, concluded to make a descent on the residence of our esteemed citizen, Sandy Thompson, Esq. Going to the rear of the house, they first attacked the gate leading into the yard. Cautiously they bored away until the lock fell from its place and the gate swung open before them. Delighted with their success, fancying themselves secure from observation, and already reveling in imagination over the rich booty which would soon be theirs, they next attacked the kitchen door.

All this while, however, a keen eye was upon them. Sandy keeps a pet, a little boy who has reached that stage of development when men are called monkeys. On this particular night Mr. Monkey, finding it too hot to rest comfortably, had left his troubled couch and was perched upon the sill of an open window in the second story. There he sat enjoying the glorious moonlight and ruminating upon the happy days of long ago, when he sported among the rich verdure of Brazilian forests, partook of the luscious tropical fruits or pestered some poor poll parrot by peppering her with pecans. The appearance of the burglars awoke him from his reverie. With eager curiosity he watched them in their attack upon the gate. When that yielded, and they approached the kitchen door, he could stand it no longer, but gave a tremendous screech, followed by a prolonged ch-r-r-r, which curdled the blood in their veins, while their hair were lifted upon their stiffened locks to an astounding altitude.

They didn't want to see whence the unearthly sounds proceeded. They evidently fancied that a whole regiment of police were upon them and turned and fled in wild dismay, followed and spurred on as they ran by shouts of demoniac laughter from the undeveloped specimens of humanity on the window sill.

If that monkey is given half a chance some one of his posterity may yet be found occupying the responsible position of chief of police of the city of Cincinnati.

The overflow at New Orleans is 15 inches below high water mark, and has fallen 3 inches. Twelve steam fire engines were throwing out the water, but a heavy rain, with a gale from the southwest, prevented a further decline.—Several additional pumps of great capacity will be at work to-day. A strong southwest wind is now prevailing, which will probably cause a further rise.

The Twelfth National Musical Festival of the Northeastern Sangerbund of America, will commence in New York city on the 23d inst., and will continue six days. Over one hundred German societies will be represented.

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1871.

"GOADING THE SOUTH TO VIOLENCE"

The Louisville *Courier Journal* accuses the "Radical" party with making efforts daily to "goad the Southern people to acts of outrage and violence," and charges that party also with a design to "spur" the South "on to the commission of desperate deeds." We think the *Courier-Journal* puts the case rather strongly. We live in a rather radical section, and are somewhat familiar with the views and purposes of our political brethren, and we candidly assure the *Journal* that the "Radicals" would rather not have the Southern people "goaded to acts of violence and oppression." We would rather they would be peaceable and pursue the things which make for peace. For this we have good reasons. Many of our kindred and friends are in the South, and when the fires of violence are once kindled, we have observed that Northern men at the South usually get the first warming. We would therefore greatly prefer to see the South free from political tumults and violence not only from patriotic, but also from personal considerations.

But it seems to us that the *Journal* lays upon us a responsibility we ought not to bear. We, of the "Radical" party are willing to admit that we ought not needlessly to provoke our brethren of the South to wrath or violence. But is it not their duty not to be too easily provoked? Is it right to make us responsible for the freaks of bad temper in which some of our Southern friends indulge? Can we avoid "goading" them to acts of violence? So far as our past experience goes, and our recollection serves, the South has had a weakness in the direction of "outrage and violence," and the North for a long time had a weakness in the direction of seeking conciliation by the sacrifice of principle. We remember that the South used to go into tantrums of passion in order to scare our peace-and-profit-loving politicians into acquiescence with their demands. But their love of peace was mistaken for pusillanimity at the South, and some of us at the North thought that the South was not much "mistaken" after all as to that. We remember that we fixed up "finalities" and "compromises" and "settlements" without number, of certain "vexed" and "delicate" moral and political questions, but we also recollect that our rather irascible brethren smashed them remorselessly when their temper was hot. In fact, we do not remember that they were ever long contented with any act of forbearance or any concession of rights, principles or territory that we ever made to keep the South from doing violent and naughty things. We remember that we had to do the "giving" and they did all the receiving. We had the same task on our hands of appeasing Southern wrath and preventing violence that the Louisville *Journal* would again impose upon us. From these experiences we have learned lessons that we shall not easily forget. We can never again attempt to mollify or placate the hot-heads of the South, except by the methods which terminated so sucessfully under the apple trees at Appomattox.

We do not design to goad the Southern people to acts of violence by either insult, aggression or oppression. But the hot-heads who have been in the habit of resorting to "acts of violence" on very slight provocation must learn not to give way to evil tempers by committing evil deeds. The irascibility of the South was greater, and more troublesome, when we tried to quench it by submission and conciliation than when we fought them with weapons of their own choosing. Hence we shall be slow to try the old methods again.

The Republican or "Radical" party is charged with the duty of fairly and justly administering the affairs of the Government. It is pledged to protect the rights of all men, of whatever race, color or condition. It has established the political equality of all the citizens of this country. It will be true to its trusts, whatever deeds of violence, or show of bad, malignant temper the defeated oligarchs and rebels of the South may indulge in. That they should be compelled to respect as having equal rights a class of human beings they long treated as having no rights they were bound to respect, they now consider a "cruel infliction" and an "arbitrary exaction." But the men who bore the burdens and exactions of slavery think the new condition of things better than the old. The rights of all classes must be preserved, no matter who is "provoked" thereby.

☞ HOPLEY, of the Bucyrus *Journal*, has had occasion to refer to the files of the *Forum*, and finds some refreshing reading adapted to the present phase of the experience of the Ohio Democracy. The *Journal* makes the following points:

BY-GONES.—For Governor, on the Democratic State ticket: General G. W. McCOOK.

Comments by the enthusiastic *Forum*:

"The candidate must not wear epaulets on his shoulders. There must be no Seymouring, nor Sam-Coxing, nor McCooking."—*See Forum June 5, 1865.*

Slow music—dirge on the steam whistle.

For Governor, on the Democratic State ticket: General GEO. W. McCOOK.

Comment by the *Forum*, Nov. 6, 1868:

"Wanted, a candidate for Governor who was known as a Copperhead during the war—none other need apply."

Music on the steam whistle—Should auld acquaintance be forgot?

REPUDIATION.—The 12th resolution of the Democratic platform commences as follows:

"12 *Resolved*, That while we reject repudiation" * * * * * *

We suggest as a finish the following, taken from an advertisement of the *Forum*, in Rowell's American Newspaper Directory, page 261:

"12. *Resolved*, That while we reject repudiation" * * * * * * the *Forum* will advocate, with all the vigor and ability it can summon to its aid * * * * * THE EARLY AND ABSOLUTE REPUDIATION OF THE ABOLITION WAR DEBT.

That is a handsome *verbatim et literatim* conclusion, small cups, large cups, and all. Now music on the steam whistle.

Iowa has planned a corn crop to raise 100,000,000 bushels. All that remains is to raise and harvest it.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE DEMOCRACY.

For a long time the Democratic party was distinguished by its brilliant victories over all opponents. It was so confident of its power over the American people that its leaders boldly proclaimed it as the permanent party of the Republic and warned the young men of the country to come under its wing, if they would be sure of political advancement, a warning which was heard and acted upon by many who had been educated in a different political faith, but who preferred selfish success to a faithful adherence to principle. But however devoid of principle individual Democrats might be, the party, as an organization, was noted for making square, unequivocal issues with its adversary, and exacting an implicit obedience of each of its members. It was a party of measures, if not of principle. The Democrat in office who disobeyed a party decree, was led forth to execution without either mercy or remorse. The party, after an election might go back on its previous pledges, but when it came before the people it had an appearance of earnest conviction on behalf of something, or against something, that gave it an air of honest conviction, and in consequence it had great power over the majority of the American people. Thus, in Pennsylvania it professed to be in favor of a protective tariff before elections, and then it voted solid for a revenue tariff when it ruled in Congress. The judgment of the caucus, and not of the individual member of Congress, determined that matter. In 1844 the Democratic Party of the North said it would have Oregon up to "fifty-four forty, or fight." But it gave away to Great Britain a great slice cut off this side of "fifty-four forty," without any "fight" whatever. But, as we have said, when it came before the people it made square issues on something or other, and had the advantage which positive conviction and earnestness give to a large body of men

Since the first national triumph of the Republicans the Democratic party has been thrown somewhat on the defensive. It has been under the necessity of "rising to explain" under embarrassing circumstances. Many of the deeds of the party its orators and journals have not been altogether "free to maintain." They have had to stammer out apologies, and excuse their blushes of shame as best they could. But after all this is said, it still had something it could call unquestionably and distinctively "Democratic." That was hostility to the negro, and a determination that he never should be a citizen and voter on equal terms with other men. But even this ultra, Republican proposition it can no longer resist, at least in the Ohio Democracy is authorized to give voice to the sentiment of the party.

In 1868 the Democratic National Convention was compelled to concede two very important things: First, That slavery was dead; and second, That a State had no right to secede or withdraw from the Union. These were important concessions, and every patriot rejoiced that they were made. But the party which made the concessions was made to play an entirely new part in public affairs in making them. It had, in its day compelled the Federalists to submit to its liberal naturalization laws; the Whigs to say they no longer wanted a national bank, and that they were satisfied not to disturb the independent treasury. It had compelled the Whigs to adopt its creed and policy on the slavery question at a later day. But to make concessions to an enemy, to fail to join issue squarely with vital points of his creed is a new experience for the Democracy and indicates the era of moral decrepitude and waning influence upon which the party has entered. Failing to secure victory by this concession, its leaders now propose to abandon their ancient fight on the long-oppressed African, and concede at last, after a thirty years fight to the contrary, that he is, politically, under our Constitution, "a man and a brother."

No Democrat, certainly no Republican, believes that any change has come over the pro-slavery Democracy. Instantaneous conversions, however good they may be in a religious way, when they occur in politics are of a very suspicious character. Of such converts by far a greater number apostatize than hold out to the end. Somebody gets badly bitten, whenever they occur.

When a great political party begins to concede to its opponents principles and measures it has opposed with extreme bitterness and great unanimity for more than a generation, it only shows that the party is becoming morally and politically weak. Its concessions are the pleadings of a condemned culprit, appealing for a new lease of life, or, changing the figure, the concessions are the death rattle in the throat of the party which is in the "hour and article of death." They indicate no sincere change of conviction or of purpose. The party which makes a seeming change of front deserves no confidence and should receive no respite from the American people.

☞ The Treasury Department has adopted and rigidly enforces the rule of deducting from the full value of each mutilated currency bill just in proportion as the paper of the bill is missing. The paper of the bill of each denomination is divided into twenty parts and if one-twentieth of a bill is missing from any cause five per cent. of the face value is deducted before the Treasury will give a new bill in exchange for it. Thus, from a five dollar bill it deducts twenty-five cents for each twentieth of the note that is missing; from every twenty dollar note one dollar for each twentieth; from every one hundred dollar note five dollars; from every one thousand dollar note fifty dollars, and in that proportion for every twentieth, according to the denomination of the bill.

The case of Dr. Blackburn, indicted for the murder of Miss Lovell, came up for trial in Chillicothe, Ohio, on the 5th and was postponed until the October term on the ground that the present mental condition of the prisoner is such as to unfit him for making affidavits or taking other steps in the case.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

We are apprised by the Washington news of last night that the President has appointed Messrs. GEO. W. CURTIS, of New York, JAS. MEDILL, of Chicago, ALEX. G. CATTELL, of New Jersey, D. A. WALKER, of Pennsylvania, E. B. ELLIOTT, of the Treasury Department, and JOSEPH H. BLACKBURN, of the Post Office Department, to frame a code of rules and regulations to be observed in future by the various departments in the admission of persons into the civil service of the United States. This is done in pursuance of the provisions of an act of Congress passed at the last session with a view to the gradual but successful introduction of the principal features of the civil service reform into the operations of the government. On this commission we find the names of several of the most prominent and able advocates of the civil service reform. The chairman of the Commission is one of the most hearty and zealous advocates of a thorough change in the method of appointing, retaining and dismissing the working force of the various departments of the government. Other members of the Commission are equally zealous with him in this reform. The Commission will of course be limited by the law under which they act, and it will not be in their power to do all that is required by the interests of the public service. But a good beginning will doubtless be made, which in due time will be carried forward, step by step, until a systematic reform shall be consummated.

The most gratifying feature of this appointment is that it shows the disposition of the President to put this much needed reform into the hands of its warmest and most intelligent advocates. All that the President can do will be done, we feel assured, to not only introduce but perfect a change which will prevent many abuses, promote the efficiency of the service, and reduce the expenses of the government.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

The Memphis *Appeal* refuses to take kindly to the doctrines of the "new departure." In its issue of the 3d inst., it thus deals with the subject:

Since it is evident that the Democrats will acquiesce in a mutilation of the Constitution and make no effort to rid it of the hideous excrescences fixed by fraud and usurpation, the Democratic guns are spiked. There is nothing left to fight for, save the spoils of office. This "new departure" by the Democrats will induce the Radicals to make a retrograde movement, and at the next session of Congress they will grant universal amnesty and make the same old for Democrats which the Democrats have made for Republicans. Already the Republicans are adjusting their platform, so as to secure a reduction of the tariff, discontinuance of direct taxation, reform in the civil service, economy in the working of the governmental machine, and a sweeping correction of these numerous abuses that have grown and flourished from rocking battle-fields and prostituted law. The Democrats can promise no more, and the contest will be simply a scramble between the ins and the outs—a war as ridiculous and contemptible as that which raged in the empire of Lilliput between the Big-endians and the Little-endians, as to whether eggs should be broke on the large end or the small end. Republicans are guilty of misrule, tyranny, usurpations and corruptions, and when the Democrats acquiesce in these outrages, there is just about as much difference between the two parties as there is between the thief and the receiver of stolen goods. Some wag has prepared a platform for the National Democratic Convention, from which we make a few extracts:

Resolved, That the arrest of C. L. Vallandigham, the battering in of his doors, the branding him as a traitor and escorting him "out of his country" was right, proper, patriotic, and in accordance with the bayonet power of the Constitution.

Resolved, That all the Republican party has done, and all it may do, has been and will be right.

Resolved, That whereas, there is no difference between Democracy and Republicanism, one party or the other should disband at once.

Resolved, That the Democratic party disband, and its members join in a carpet-bag crusade against the long-outraged and submissive people of the South.

Resolved, That the battle cry of the Democratic party in the next canvass shall be "*Put me in my little bed.*"

The words that are now put in the mouths of Democrats are nothing but stupendous lies. The party is assuming a position which is false in theory, wicked and ruinous in practice, unworthy of honest men, slavish in spirit, a stab at the principles of liberty, and at war with the traditions of Democracy.

The *Appeal* represents that portion of the Southern Democracy which care little for the spoils of office, but a great deal for the principles of the lost cause. Mistaken and even wicked as we may esteem its cause and the doctrines of the wing it represents, we must concede that the *Appeal* represents the *earnest* and *zealous* Democracy of the South. If they must endorse Republican measures at all, they would prefer to go over openly and boldly to the Republicans who have something to offer them, rather than to succumb to the same measures within the Democratic party. The VALLANDIGHAM faction will find that the working portion of the Southern Democracy will decline a victory, which must be gained, if gained at all, by deception, or else by a surrender of all they deem worth fighting for.

The Voice is the Voice of Jacob, But the Hand is the Hand of Esau.

The Albany *Journal* in speaking of the new departure by the Ohio Democracy, says: "The grotesque absurdity of the whole thing will impress every observer. The horns stick out on every side." And it adds that when such a movement is confided to the hands of such as VALLANDIGHAM, the emptiness and treachery of the operation are palpable, for no reform of the Democratic party and policy can be wrought by such indurated and incorrigible copperheads as manipulated this movement. Any genuine reform would as its first and indispensable step send these leaders into lasting obscurity, and hence when we come to analyze the Ohio platform we find it plainly betraying the flagrant deception. The voice is that of Jacob, but the hand is that of Esau. And the *Journal* adds:

The deliberate selection of such men as John Quincy Adams to represent the new policy would have carried some evidence of earnestness and sincerity. But when it is confided to the hands of such as Vallandigham, the emptiness and trickery of the operation are palpable. Indeed this whole Ohio performance is calculated to excite true popular ridicule. It was a scramble of personal ambition as well as a race of hollow professions. Vallandigham first jumped upon the platform of a "new departure," designing of course to make the expected profit of the venture. Groesbeck about the same time put forth a similar expression and was forthwith mentioned for the Presidency. Pendleton, alarmed least some of these rivals might outstrip him, emerges from his retirement and figures as presiding officer of the Convention. And so intervented "new departure." this adoption of a new policy comes under the auspices of the very men who are peculiarly and inseparably identified with the worst impulse of the party

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE "Young Democracy," so gallant in the fight at Columbus, are disposed to be philosophical. They incline to the opinion that they will meet with defeat this fall in Ohio, but that this new departure means more than people think. The picture of the Democratic party fighting on the basis of the amendments, sounding the people as to the new issues, is preliminary only to the Presidential contest in 1872, when said picture is to produce a stunning effect. They will enter the States where the negro population is large, with the prestige of having shown their earnestness in the new cause, by a determined fight in the campaign, and by a skilfull use of incidental measures, hope for success in states where now they stand no chance at all. This, in brief, is the programme of the "Young Democracy," and with this programme in view their manœuvers should receive consideration. They will not lose sight of the objective point, and neither will the people.

THE New York swindlers, playing the old dodge of disposing of counterfeit money, now have letters written to suit the person and occasion. The swindler tells the story of how he was an engraver in the service of the government, was discharged to make room for a political favorite, that he vowed revenge, has been at work five years in perfecting counterfeit plates, has succeeded and now wishes to dispose of the bills. Then comes in the usual amount of blarney. The letter is written as a confidential note to a business man. It is scarcely necessary to warn people against such swindlers, because the men who read newspapers, are those who see the sharper in such communications, at once. In the early days of this system, it was simply sharper against sharper. No man sent for counterfeit money unless he was a scoundrel and when he received no return or such return as made him understand that he was "sold," the rebuke was not a bad thing. We imagine that very few men were tempted to do wrong by this maneuver of sharpers, and as special discussion with particulars would be what they desire, we dismiss the letters forwarded with these comments.

Democratic papers are showing great interest in the census returns, with a tendency to consider carefully a column that has heretofore been passed by as, repugnant or unimportant. This column is the one giving the figures in regard to the colored population. In Ohio, they reason, there are 63,261 colored people, and among these about 15,000 voters. The Republican majority in the State is about 17,000, says your Democrat with his finger on the total of the "colored" column on the census tables, and now if we can convince these colored voters that we occupy the same ground on the amendments as the Republicans we may divide this new element of strength. It will be more worth the effort to do this in Ohio, where there are so many colored people, than in Iowa or Maine or Minnesota where there are comparatively few, so here shall the new departure be taken. And it was. Years ago, Republican statesmen gave their attention to this same column in census tables, and worked out from the facts deduced, results that these Democrats could not comprehend. The results made the colored men voters and thinkers. This is one fact that the Democratic politician fails still to comprehend, and their new statistical fervor will not be of long duration.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *World* says the revoking of the Amendments would be like firing again on Sumter, and in considering the "new departure" says: "There is no more innate hate of a colored man in the breast of a white Democrat than there is in the breast of a white Republican, but it has been a seeming party demand of the Democrats to have it seem to be the fact that an innate hate was there. Let the Democratic party in future have perception enough to realize that this is a mistaken policy." This New York Democrat don't understand what he is talking about. Democrats have been free to declare on every possible occasion that they did hate the negro, and they have shown this hatred in unmistakable ways. Now we are told that this was only a "seeming fact," and that the whole past action of the party has been not a matter of principle, but such as would appeal to a low prejudice—that the Democrats merely pretended to hate the negro, &c., &c. This is what some people would call decidedly rich. All the heroics, and threats and fears, and low tricks pass for nothing. The oppression of an unfortunate race and the wrongs perpetrated, are features only of a party measure. All this is to be forgotten now. Will it be?

THE "New Departure" Democrats are of two classes. First, we have those who follow VALLANDIGHAM because they have a great admiration for that traditional brain of his and because they have faith in his sagacity and shrewdness. To such men, the principle of the new platform amounts to very little. They, with VALLANDIGHAM, are looking at results and are taking the short cut, across lots and over dividing fences, to reach objects. Then we have the men who rejoice that the situation is accepted, that the Democratic party is a party of progress, &c., and who have no faith at all in VALLANDIGHAM. The men who know VALLANDIGHAM are either of the first class or are his opposers. They know the man and they care so little for their boasted principles as to be expedient in deserting the old line of movement, or they remain true to the old principles and fight VALLANDIGHAM. The brain of VALLANDIGHAM, so much referred to and so much admired by Democratic politicians, made him the enemy of the country during the war, and it will be remembered that he advanced some peculiar theories about "Confederacies," &c. It is odd that he is a leader in this new movement if we hold principle in view, but it is not at all odd if we put all principle aside and recognize the man simply as a shrewd politician, caring no more for the nation now than he did when banished from its borders. In this departure from the old line he shows something which he means to be taken in the spirit with which certain rebel commanders accepted their defeat and became earnest in the support of the Government. There is this likeness between the two. Both in doing this acknowledge the weakness of their old cause and that effort on the old platform is useless. There is this difference. The ex rebels were honest and VALLANDIGHAM is a trickster. The deduction is that the Republican principles are sound, the party reasoning logical, and the action that of earnest men, and that to impose on the earnest men the Democratic party resorted to a trick.

THE cable announced a few days ago that the Bishop of Orleans, FELIX-ANTOINE PHILIPPE DUPANLOUP, has been appointed to succeed Archbishop DARBOY, as Archbishop of Paris. He is probably the ablest prelate in the Church in France, and is widely known through his writings, especially upon the subject of education. He is recognized as among the ablest of the Liberal Catholics and has waged a constant warfare against the Ultramontane party. During the sitting of the Ecumenical Council, and before it assembled, he labored against the adoption of the infallibility dogma, but acquiesced when it was finally declared. His views upon education and progress are not in harmony with the Syllabus and if he were a younger man it is possible that he might join Dr. DOLLINGER in his protest. M. DUPANLOUP is in his seventieth year. He is called to Paris in a turbulent time, and we know not whether to wish for him a better fate than his predecessors. Certainly from the mere human stand-point, we should wish him a calm end, but as a martyr's death was accorded to his three predecessors, (one having been killed at the barricade in 1848, another having been assassinated at the altar of St. Etienne du Mont, and Archbishop DARBOY having just been slaughtered by an infidel mob,) he may himself covet the glory and privilege of dying a similar death for the sake of his master.

We remember M. DUPANLOUP with special gratitude for his vigorous and eloquent articles against slavery and in favor of the government during our civil war. In this contest, as in every other, he was found on the side of humanity and progress. We hope he may be long spared to continue his warfare against the mediæval ideas to which the Jesuit party have committed the Church.

THE Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, in its recent report, gives an account of the decay of agriculture in New England. The farms are abandoned by the young and vital men and are given over mostly to old men, women and children. One of the chief causes of this decay, the New York *Post* thinks, is the adoption of the protective system. For years, it is said, the Protectionists by their efforts to exalt special industries and to show that a country devoted to agriculture solely dooms itself to relative barbarism and obstructs its intellectual development and growth in civilization have created the impression that farm labor is degrading. Mr. GREELEY is mentioned as one of these Protectionist writers.

In our judgment Protection has had nothing to do with the decay of the farming interest in New England further than to draw a large portion of the farming population into manufacturing pursuits. In this respect, however, mercantile pursuits and especially the opening up of the great West have done much more. A very large proportion of the young men who have abandoned farming in New England are now on the wide and fertile plains of the west growing a hundred acres of grain where they grew one before. There is undoubtedly much in the *Post*'s statement that agriculture has come to be looked upon as an inferior pursuit, but it is a mistake to suppose that Protection has anything whatever to do with this feeling. It existed under Democratic Free Trade as much as it does now, and the smart New England boy always broke away from the farm as soon as possible, and found his way into the law office or the mercantile house of the town. This will always be so under any industrial policy whatever. So long as men can make money more rapidly and enjoy superior social opportunities, and especially superior opportunities for intellectual and general development, in towns, so long will the more vital and ambitious of the rural population take to the towns. This has been so for ages and has given rise to the saying that the country supplies the town with men. To counteract this tendency, is one of the chief considerations in founding agricultural colleges, an order of educational institution originated and in some instances put in successful operation long before the Protective system was adopted.

The citation of GREELEY as one of the writers who has helped to create the impression that agriculture was an inferior pursuit, is not fortunate. Mr. GREELEY is just now the butt of innumerable jokes because of his ceaseless efforts to write up farming as one of the noblest and most honorable of callings and because of his constantly urging the surplus population of the East to go West and engage in farming. The statement that an exclusively agricultural population remains in a state of relative ignorance and barbarism is a common one among writers and speakers upon Protection, a conspicuous example generally cited being that of the wheat-growing population of Russia. The *Post* proves too much in the point which it undertakes to make against Protection. Carried to its logical result, it would abolish commercial pursuits and special industries in order that agriculture might be promoted. This would be a method of Protecting one branch of industry at the expense of others which would be still worse than the Protection by tariff of which the *Post* complains. If the development of manufacturing industry under the tariff draws the abler and more vigorous men away from agriculture, will not the development of manufactures in any case do the same? The general impression of the Protectionists is that the farming interest is benefitted by Protection. The home market created throughout New England has made agriculture, so far as it is carried on, more remunerative than formerly, and the same is true of farming near all the manufacturing centres. It is true that the farmer pays a tariff on nearly all he purchases, but he puts it also on all he sells, and it can be shown by figures that the enhanced price of farm products is larger than the enhanced price of the articles which the farmer is compelled to purchase.

THE Chicago *Tribune* in a recent issue remarked that "the fame of Chicago as a summer resort is not by any means confined to this side of the Rocky mountains; it pervades the entire Pacific slope." We may expect, therefore, (provided always that we are indifferent as to what we expect,) that the Californians will give the High Sierras and the Yosemite the go-by, and come to Chicago to spend the summer, giving the mountains of Colorado a furtive and contemptuous glance as they pass this way. In the same number of the *Tribune*, however, is an article which opens thus: "The Chicago River is becoming unendurable. Its condition is fearful to the olfactory nerves. This warm weather makes it worse every hour." A city which has its chief sewer above ground is well adapted for a watering place. In view of the fact that the cholera is on its way from Russia, a rush of people to Chicago may be anticipated. We see them now, flocking to this watering place, and moving down all the streets in the early mornings, with slippers on their feet and cups in their hands, to drink the cooling waters of the Chicago River.

IN these days of Republican extravagance and luxury (looking at it from the Democratic standpoint) the American people are beginning to sigh for a return to the good old days of Democratic simplicity and economy. In the Democratic government of New York city we have a shining example of this economy in government, and in the recent marriage of the daughter of WM. M. TWEED, the present ruler of Tammany, of New York city and the outlying cities and of the State, we have an example of Democratic aversion to luxury. Ten years ago, it is said, Mr. TWEED was a poor Democrat, engaged in the simple and honorable occupation of making chairs, but he took to politics and by the aid of the Democracy of New York has gained control of the city and State, and amassed a princely fortune. A portion of this fortune was expended at the recent marriage of his daughter. The wedding presents on this occasion amounted to over $700,000, the dresses ranging from $500 to $5,000. When this daughter, reared under ideas of Democratic simplicity, passed from the street to the Fifth Avenue palace in which the family live in true Democratic detestation of luxury, a silken awning covered the passage, and the walks were covered with the costliest Brussels carpets. Flowers, gathered in the simplest manner from the choicest flower beds of Europe and America: rustic silver bands discoursing music; a table set with the simple juice of the grape gathered from the cellars of France, Italy and Spain, and with the simple food of the Metropolis prepared in the best rustic style of Delmonico, were present to add to the pleasures of the occasion and to impress the world with the simple and unostentatious manner in which a wealthy Democrat can conduct an interesting family event.

How the million dollars expended upon this affair were procured, is none of our business. It is enough to know that TWEED was poor when he entered politics and that he is now rich enough to give his daughter a million dollar wedding. It is enough for us to know that in five years the debt of New York has increased from forty millions to eighty millions, and that the people are groaning under intolerable taxes. It is enough for us to know that, under the legislation of last winter, the city has been placed in such complete control of TWEED and Tammany that the people can be fleeced out of millions more during the coming two years and the ring need not render them an account of their doings.

Let us, therefore, return to Democratic economy and simplicity. Let us have no more of this paying the national debt at the rate of a hundred millions a year and relieving the people of the payment of thirty-eight millions of interest. Let us have no more of this lifting of a burden of eighty millions of taxation from the people in one session of Congress. Let us have no more of this economizing by reducing the army to a peace standard and by turning all supernumeraries out of the civil service. Let us have no more of this faithful collection of the revenue by which the present administration increased the income sixty-nine millions for the first fifteen months over the last fifteen of JOHNSON'S administration. In short, let us return to Democratic economy as exemplified in the city government of New York.

We have several times characterized the Commune insurrection in Paris as a strike on a gigantic scale. Not a strike for better wages, or for better terms from employers, but a strike of the working men for the property itself of the capitalists, and for the overthrow of society and its organization upon a new basis. This strike was instigated and controlled by the International Workingmen's Society of Europe, which seized the opportunity afforded at Paris while the government of France was in a transition state. The International Society extends throughout Europe, and lies in wait for opportunities like that presented at Paris. Dispatches yesterday stated that the Communists had made threats that their next attempt would be in London, from which city it seems the Communist mob of Paris was directed, and that the docks of British cities would be burned. Englishmen and Germans were found among the Communists who have been arrested. Next to France, the principal efforts of the Commune it seems were directed to Spain, where the hostility of parties, the recent troubles and the selection of a foreign ruler, afforded conditions which seemed favorable for a Communist strike. It is said that a part of the programme was to revolutionize the South of France by agents from Spain and to raise an army which should march upon Versailles while the Government troops were engaged with the Paris Communists. France once in the hands of the Communists, risings would have occurred in London, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid and other capitals. A demonstration was made in Madrid and in several Spanish towns, in the latter of which bands of revolutionists and ragamuffins marched through the streets demanding a general distribution of property. The Spanish people, however, were disgusted at the excesses of the Paris Communists, and when the members of the Internationale Society, after a meeting held on the 2d of May, attempted to march through the streets of Madrid, the merchants and other citizens attached the procession and dispersed it. They were pursued until the Government interfered to protect them.

But the Society is not confined to Europe. It is forming branches in the United States, and it seems that members of the European society are now among us. Several of them addressed the meeting of New York Positivists which met on Sunday last, and which commended both the intention and the conduct of the Paris Commune, attributing the rising to the wrongs of the laboring classes. Their success in this country will probably not be as great as in Europe, for our working men are supposed to be more intelligent than those of the old world, but we see in the labor strikes which occur in this country enough of unreasoning and headlong spirit to make a good Paris outbreak on demand.

It is not to be supposed that all the workingmen of Europe are members of the Internationale Society, or that they all have Socialist ideas, but the Internationale is in communication with all the Labor Unions of probably both continents, and the work of winning the laboring classes over to a movement against the present social, commercial, political and religious systems is going on. In short, the movement is one of the most radical ever undertaken. It means the overthrow of the Christian Church, of all governmental forms now existing, of all individual right to property, and, in fact, the overthrow of man as an individual. The human race is to be merged in a general or collective mass, and each individual is to be the slave of Society to which he is to bring all the results of his labor and cast them into the general receptacle. The movement ignores the contract idea of society and makes every individual a slave, to be owned by Society. It proposes even to destroy the family and to propagate the species, after the manner of the Oneida Community, by pairing like the lower animals. It may be said that this is impracticable and unnatural, but the Communist idea is growing and will probably grow until a great contest results between Communism and Civilization. The Paris folly may be repeated on a much grander scale and broader field. We have no doubts as to the result, but we know what the nature of the contest will be from the wanton murder of the priests in Paris, who were slaughtered in pure malice or rage, and when there was no hope of accomplishing anything by the massacre. It may be said that the government troops have been guilty of nearly as great excesses as the Communists since the latter fell into their hands. The slaughter of the captured insurgents is not to be justified, but it must be remembered that the troops were provoked beyond endurance, not only by the burning of Paris, the sacking of churches, and the destruction of residences and palaces, but by the massacre of the Priests and the murder of a vast number of citizens.

DAMAGE TO FRUIT TREES.

Farmers in this section report that great damage is being done to fruit trees and forest trees by a worm, which they describe as the common "measuring" worm. Apple trees in many orchards have been stripped entirely of leaves. Peach trees have been, as yet, but little damaged. Of forest trees, the hickory suffers most, many of these standing bare of leaves. Letters from correspondents in Central Ohio report that within the last few days a worm something like the army worm has made its appearance in vast numbers, and that it is damaging orchards at a fearful rate. In many orchards not a green leaf is to be seen. Work on other trees is not spoken of. At a later date we hope to give more particulars.

☞ The Detroit *Free Press* thinks that the Democratic party, having come on to the Republican platform, there is no further excuse for the existence of the Republican party. The Cleveland *Herald* says that is like a certain class of reformed drunkards, who think life long abstainers have no right to express views on the Temperance question. New converts frequently manifest an excess of arrogant zeal.

☞ It is claimed that the recent decision of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, insisting upon the payment of the tax on the New York Central interest certificates, sets a precedent for the decision of nine other cases involving a total amount of eight millions of dollars. Several prominent railroad men have been in Washington for the purpose of making an appeal.

Dr. Eels stated at Cleveland on Sunday, that the Cleveland Presbytery contributed a larger per centage to the memorial fund than any other Presbytery in the country, the total subscriptions being $130,000, all but $10,000 raised in that city.

Children Teething.

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Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates.

Correspondence.

Wanderings in the West.

NO. 8.

A MISSOURIAN INTERVIEWED—ENTERPRISING PEOPLE WANTED—THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY—HOW TO GET A FARM THERE—MR. LO AS A FARMER—PROGRESS OF THE CHEROKEES—SOUTHERN KANSAS

Editorial Correspondence of the Blade.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS, May 30th, 1871.

DEAR BLADE:—In one of my previous letters I spoke of the indolent habits and utter want of thrift and progressiveness of the people of southwestern Missouri. I met with an interesting specimen of these people the other day, as I was coming down the Atlantic & Pacific Road. The train stopped for wood; up on a bank twelve or fifteen feet high, was a man about forty-five years of age, dressed in butternut pants and check shirt, sawing wood by hand for the railroad. While the train men were getting the wood aboard, I climbed the bank and interviewed this wood-sawyer.

"How much do you get for sawing this wood?" I asked.

"I gits forty-five cents a cord."

"How much can you saw in a day?"

"Wall, I saws about from three to five cords a day."

"Do you own any land here?"

"Yas, I own a eighty down thar. Stranger, you got a chaw o' tobacker about yer?"

He looked disgusted when I assured him I did not use the weed.

"Couldn't you make more money working your farm than sawing wood here at forty-five cents a cord?" I continued.

"Wall, I dun know; I does farm some little, but farmin 's ruther a poor business about yer."

"How long have you lived here?"

"About five year."

"Where did you live before that?"

"Wall, I lived fust down in East Tennessee, and I wish I was back thar. I tell yer, mister, that's enough right better country than thro' yer. I bed 300 acres thar, and I told my boys they might have it if they'd pay the taxes onto it, and I moved up into the Illinoy. Thar me an' the ole woman tuck the chills, so we pulled up an' moved down into the Arkansaw. But we didn't like it thar, an' so we moyed up yer into the Missoury."

"Well, you've been pretty near around the circle."

"Yes, stranger, an' I wish I was clar round and back agin in the Cumberland mountains; I'd stay thar sure."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and my interview was ended.

Now, here was a man with eighty acres of land on which he might raise first-rate crops of wheat, good oats, pretty good corn and potatoes and as fine fruit as can be grown anywhere—really a farm on which an enterprising industrious man would live well and make money. But he was scratching over (it can't be called farming) a few acres of it, which yielded him about half a living, and he was sawing wood on the railroad at forty-five cents a cord to make up the balance. This class of people are the curse of that part of Missouri, as, indeed, they are of any country.

This Railroad Company (the Atlantic & Pacific) has a land-grant thirty miles wide. Its profit, I think, lies not so much in what it will realize from the sale of these lands, as in the business it would derive from their speedy settlement by industrious, enterprising people, who would in a few years make these hills, valleys and prairies fairly groan with abundant harvests. The climate is mild and healthy, the prairies and valleys generally rich and well watered and even the hills, when the underbrush is cleared off from them, yield splendid crops of clover and blue-grass, making stock growing a profitable business, while for fruits of all kinds, especially the grape, they are unsurpassed. The great need of the country is enterprising, industrious people.

But, as I said before, I cannot advise such people to come here, except in colonies. Single families would find nothing congenial amongst this kind of people, and would be isolated so far as society is concerned as much as though they were the sole tenants of some island of the ocean. But a colony of twenty, thirty, fifty or more families—the more the better—would take their own society with them and would be independent of those natives.

I took a run this morning, on a construction train, down to Grand River, ten miles into the Indian Territory. The track of the A. & P. Road is laid to that point, but regular trains are not running. The country through which the road runs is very fine—being mostly rich, rolling prairie, well watered, and dotted all along with beautiful groves. It is entirely uncultivated except here and there a few acres around an Indian cabin, and even this can hardly be called cultivated. It is of the same style as the Southwestern Missouri farming which I have heretofore described—only worse.

The valley of the Grand River is equally fine, and between the Grand and the Arkansas Rivers is said to be some of the finest land in the Indian Territory. But all this is the "pale faces" forbidden ground, and must be so until this Indian question is disposed of. Until that time there is only one way for a white man to possess any portion of this land, and that is to marry a squaw. But the land, fine as it is, has not thus far tempted many to secure titles in this way.

From Seneca, Mo., I came across the country by stage, eighteen miles, to Baxter Springs, in the southeastern corner of Kansas, and about one mile from the line of the Indian Territory. The road runs most of the way through the Territory, and the country, though generally good, is mostly unimproved. A few miserable Indian huts, each with its patch of uncultivated corn, are the only improvements—if such things can be called improvements. One of these cabins that we passed was situated in a beautiful oak grove. In front of it sat a couple of squaws apparently half asleep; lying in the shade were two stalwart Indian men, and playing around were about half a dozen dirty, fat papooses. A couple of ponies, hobbled, and a few cattle, were grazing in the woods near by. At one side of the cabin was a cornfield of three or four acres. The corn was about eight or ten inches high and the weeds and grass a couple of inches higher. It had not been disturbed by either plow or hoe since it was planted. After a while, perhaps, they will wake up and give it a sort of plowing, and then let it take its chances and make what it will. If the crop is short, which of course it can't help being, the rations of the ponies next winter will be short also. This is a picture that may be seen every few miles through the Territory. As an agriculturist Mr. Lo is not a success.

It is but proper to add here that the intelligent, educated men of these tribes, and there are many such, are doing all in their power to elevate and civilize their brethren. Down among the Cherokees they have met with gratifying success. They have churches, schools and a well-conducted Female Seminary. Their daughters learn music readily, and some of them are fine performers on the piano. At Talequah, the capital of their Territory, they publish a newspaper, the Cherokee *Advocate*, in the editing and printing of which, ability and good taste are shown. It is printed part in English and part in Cherokee.

Baxter Springs is situated on the Spring river, a beautiful stream. The town seems a tolerably busy place, but it appears to me there is too much town for the surrounding country. The latter is a rolling prairie, beautiful to look at, but not good for agricultural purposes. When the sod is first turned over by the plow it looks pretty well, but ten minutes exposure to the sun gives it a dull white color, and a plowed field looks like a brick yard. It is what Kansas farmers call "hard pan," and it is properly named. Although there was a good rain only two days ago, yet to-day clouds of dust follow the farmers as they harrow their corn. The wheat is short and stands thin upon the ground. I have seen fields of oats in head from six inches to a foot high, and the corn is short and sickly-looking.

"The great trouble with this land," said a man to me who has had some experience in trying to cultivate it, "is that *it won't hold water*. A good rain may fall, and in a few hours the ground is apparently as dry as ever."

It undoubtedly has the alkaline taint, and I don't think can ever become a good agricultural region. But the prairie grass grows well on it, and stock raising is profitable.

"Can cattle be wintered here without other feed than what they can get off the prairies?" I asked of a man who has been for some years engaged in the stock business.

"They *can* be," he answered, "but I don't think it the most profitable way. A neighbor of mine makes a ton of hay winter four head of cattle, but I feed more than that. I don't think it's good economy to allow any cattle to run down in the winter, when a plenty of prairie hay to keep them well can be had for the making."

I go from here directly west to Chetopa and thence up the Neosho Valley.

A. P. M.

No. 4

FROM BAXTER TO CHETOPA—BEAUTIFUL PRAIRIE VIEWS—A MAN WHO DON'T KNOW HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL, AND A BIT OF GOOD ADVICE FOR HIM—CHETOPA—THE NEOSHO VALLEY—NEOSHO FALLS—WATER POWER—PRICE OF LANDS, &c.

Editorial Correspondence of the BLADE.

NEOSHO FALLS, KANSAS, May 31, 1871.

DEAR BLADE:—A stage ride of three hours and a half due west, took me from Baxter Springs to Chetopa, both in Kansas, and near the line of the Indian Territory. The country is a splendid looking rolling prairie for the entire distance. I say splendid *looking* because the soil is generally of that "hard pan" character described in my last letter. Many of the corn fields looking like brick yards, and I don't see how they could possibly produce what would be considered a half crop. The oats, also, was short, and the wheat generally poor. The farmers appeared to be men who understood their business, and were doing their level best to make good crops, but 'twas against nature, and nature can't be forced.

Along the road I noticed several deserted houses, where men had lived who had given farming a fair trial, and had given it up and sold out at a sacrifice.

"There's no use," said a gentleman who has traveled extensively through the west, "in trying to make anything farming that land. It can't be done. That "hard pan" is death on crops. It's a good country to raise cattle in, but a man who understands the nature of it will never attempt anything else on it."

And I find that is the opinion of all who have tried it or seen it tried.

But it is a magnificent country to ride over. I had an outside seat on the coach, and frequently could see from fifteen to twenty miles on either side. The waving grass is intermixed with flowers of every hue and color, while the passing clouds cast shadows that in the distance looked like floating islands upon a beautiful green sea.

Timber is very scarce in that part of the State. A number of times during my afternoon's ride I could not, in a view of fifteen or twenty miles, see a piece of timber large enough to make a walking stick of, and toward evening, as we neared the Neosho river, I thought the grand old forest with which its banks are skirted, was after all the most beautiful sight I had seen that day.

We reached Chetopa at eight o'clock in the evening. I had been directed to stop at the California Hotel as the best in the place. I hope some day to meet the man who directed me there, for I have a little account to settle with him. The supper was simply disgusting; the coffee especially tasted like a mixture of Epsom salts, rhubarb and castor oil. The taste of one sup I took of it will linger with me for years. I went to bed and fought through the night in a sanguinary contest with an army of foes who claimed that bed as their property and demanded bloody tribute of all trespassers upon their premises. I kept up the fight till daylight and then retreated to the street in a dilapidated and demoralized condition. But I soon found that I had not been the only sufferer.

"Landlord," said a fellow-traveler as he came down stairs looking pale from loss of blood, "landlord, you'd better change the name of this house."

"Why so?" inquired he.

"Because you're in danger every day you keep that sign 'California House' up there."

"Why, how's that?"

"Because one of these days some Californian will come along here and stop with you, and when he finds what sort of a house you keep he'll thrash you out of your boots for disgracing his State by naming such a house for it. I tell you, landlord, you'd better change that name quick."

Chetopa is a pretty lively business place, somewhat too much of a town, I think, for the country upon which it has to depend for business, but as the country is filling up perhaps the town will get along without a serious back set. It is on the line of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, which is now finished over 30 miles into the Indian Territory. The road when completed through this Territory into Texas will command a heavy business, especially in the carrying of Texas cattle north. Chetopa is situated on the Neosho river and has the advantage of the timber with which that stream is skirted—the belt being here about one mile wide. The prairie soil, except close to the river, partakes of the "hard pan" nature, and is not, therefore, well adapted to agriculture.

There is something peculiar about this "hard pan" formation which I should have mentioned before; that is, it is broken in upon here and there by a richer soil—a sort of alluvial island—which will continue for a short distance, often not more than a quarter of a mile, when the "hard pan" will reappear.

The country north of Chetopa, on the line of the M., K & T. Road, for a distance of fifty miles, is of this character. Then the "hard pan" gradually disappears, until here at Neosho Falls there is much less of it. Along the line of this road are a number of lively, growing towns, among them Parsons and Humboldt, the former the junction of the M., K. & T. with the Sedalia road.

Neosho Falls contains about one thousand people, and is a quiet, pleasant town. They call it a city here, but perhaps that is to save the trouble of a change when its anticipated future greatness shall have been realized. It is situated at what was formerly the falls or the rapids of the Neosho river. A fine dam has been thrown across the river at this place, converting the rapids into a water power sufficient to run a large amount of machinery, and which the people here are confident must eventually make this an important manufacturing town. At present this is used only for running a flouring and a saw-mill, but there is enough power running to waste there now to run machinery sufficient to give employment to twice the number of people who now live in the town. The completion of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Road, giving direct communication with the cotton-growing region, will make this a good point for a cotton factory, and for this purpose Colonel N. S. Goss, one of the original proprietors of the town, is reserving a very desirable site.

The land around here is fine rolling prairie. Along the river is a belt of good timber—oak, black and white walnut, maple and cherry. This timber-belt is from one to three miles wide. Back of this there is very little timber in this region. Good fire-wood sells in this town at three dollars a cord, and the railroad company is now delivering coal along its line at six dollars per ton.

The Land Office of the M. K. & T. R. R. is located at this place. This company has a large quantity of good lands for sale—nearly all prairie. The price varies according to location, quality of soil, &c., from two dollars to ten dollars per acre—the latter price for the very best and most favorably situated. Their land office has been open since the 4th of November, 1869,—nineteen months—during which time they have sold about seven hundred thousand dollars worth, the average price of which, up to this time, has been $4.93 per acre. Improved farms bring from $10 per acre up, depending, of course, on the value of the improvements. The railroad lands are sold on ten years' credit, if desired, deferred payments bearing seven per cent. interest. The interest is payable annually.

The soil here is generally better than it is farther south; the "hard pan" crops out occasionally, and persons making selections of farms should be careful to avoid it.

I wish to remark that persons sojourning here will find the Pierce House an excellent stopping place. The proprietor, Mr. V. L. SPAWR, understands the business of making his guests comfortable.

A. P. M.

Washington Letter.

Correspondence of the Blade.

THE OHIO DEMOCRACY AND THE AMENDMENTS—A HOAX—CONSCIENCE—KU-KLUX—GEN. SHERIDAN—RICHARDSON GOING TO EUROPE—SAN DOMINGO—THE DROUGHT.

WASHINGTON, June 3, 1871.

The resolutions of the Ohio Democratic Convention have not yet made their appearance in Washington, but telegrams from Ohio inform us that movements against the constitutional amendments were laid on the table and the amendments endorsed according to the Vallandigham platform.

If this action is taken cordially and in good faith it should be a matter of rejoicing everywhere. It is impossible to know precisely what may be its effects on parties, but no one need doubt its important influence on the peace and prosperity of the country. It takes the stench out of the Blair programme for the Presidential campaign, reprieves the South for their acts of open and secret violence, and makes the solution of the constitutional difficulty decidedly hopeful. I trust that the example of Ohio will be largely followed.

The Blair idea of intensifying the hatred of the South and working for Democratic success through the overthrow of the Constitution and all social order is simply infamous—so infamous as to defeat itself. It is just that which has reunited the old party of the war and given us assurance of renewed success. The Democratic party now sees the error that has been committed and is changing front; but it is not probable that it will gain an immediate advantage by its course. The most active and decided portion of the party is against it, and division is always an element of weakness. I notice, for instance, that one of your Ohio papers hails the new "departure" with a decided kick. It says: "The party proposes to debase itself by acquiescing in the fraudulent amendments, forced on the country by military dictation," and intimates that the change of front is to advance the ambition of a few "political tricksters." Then, down South they don't feel at all good over the action of Ohio; and in Atlanta, Ga., one of the newspapers comes out very boldly against any acquiescence in the amendments and explicitly declares them to be "accomplished frauds" which "carry with them no moral sanction."

But, while the position of Ohio can hardly strengthen its party for the Presidential contest, it is clearly the only position on which that party can hope to recover itself before the American people. It it is ever to achieve success it must be by forgetting the past and making the most of the present. It cannot divide the Republican party on these old issues; but if it can pour on them the waters of *Lethe* and start out with a new "departure," the way is open for it, and its success will depend on the skill with which it plays its cards.

It turns out that the story of the legacy of $11,000,000 to the U. S. Treasury is a hoax. Mr. Boutwell has no such information as that which has been ascribed to him.

The Treasury does not gain much by legacies, but its conscience fund is having a rapid growth, which is also increasing. At the last advices it had reached the large sum of $125,000.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue refuses to compromise with persons who are guilty of re-using revenue stamps, and will push them to the wall. The losses of the government from this source are said to be very large.

Ex Senator Warner, of Alabama, was urged for the Mobile Collectorship, but as he has been appointed Governor of New Mexico, and party interests will be best served by retaining Mr. Miller, that gentleman has started for home with the understanding that he will not be disturbed. General Warner is here, and brings word that a lawyer who testified against some parties who were indicted for a Ku-Klux outrage committed a year or more ago, was overhauled on his way home by a band of persons in the interest of the criminals, and severely whipped. He is an old man of great worth and respectability, and his only crime was telling the truth.

It is publicly stated here that Gen. Sherman is about to make a new arrangement of the military commands, and that Lieut. Gen. Sheridan will be transferred to the east and have the execution of the Ku Klux law. Of course everybody understands that such an appointment means business, and that there will be no half way work in the execution of the law, when directed by Sheridan.

The visit of Assistant Secretary Richardson to Europe is not to advance the interests of the present five per cent loan; which, notwithstanding its apparent heaviness, is regarded by Secretary Boutwell as secure; but to make way for the long loans at 4 and 4½ per cent.

The San Domingo report has swelled into a volume, and has only just now come from the press. It consists not only of the report proper, but of various side reports on the defenses of Samana, on the geology of the island, on its plants and botanic resources, its sanitary condition, the character of its population, &c., &c. The investigation covers about everything, and what the Commissioners and their various assistants have failed to "scan up" the "press gang" have brought to light, so that the country is better posted in regard to this island than they have been in regard to any State that has been admitted to the Union.

It will be our weeks on Tuesday since we have had rain around Washington. There was a little shower a week ago in the city, or the center of it, but it did not reach the northern border. Of course gardens and fields are suffering.

BUCKEYE.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

CINCINNATI, June 6.—The Rabbinical Conference, second session, met here today. Twenty-seven members were present from Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Kentucky, Louisiana, Kansas and Pennsylvania.

Rev. Dr. Hulesh, of New York, was elected President; Dr. Lilienthal, of Cincinnati, Vice-President; Rev. Mr. Wexmer, of Columbus, and Rev. Mr. Goldhammer, of Cincinnati, Secretaries. Dr. Lilienthal, President of the last Conference, submitted a report, which was referred to a committee. It was subsequently unanimously approved and committees authorized on the various subjects treated.

The report pays a tribute to the late Rev. Mr. Tusha of Memphis, and expresses satisfaction at the repeal of the obnoxious divorce laws of Indiana. It expresses regret that work on the prayer book has not progressed more rapidly, and hopes this meeting will take some action in the matter, and devise ways and means to finish the work by next conference. It acknowledges that the Israelites must raise ministers in this country, that they may preach and teach in the English language, and be educated under the auspices of free American institutions, and therefore recommends the establishment of a Rabbinical College, and presses the importance of learning and preparing for it by determining upon some course adapted to the times; says that it is intended to establish a Rabbinical Seminary in Cincinnati, and expressed the belief that New York and other places in the East will do likewise.

It hints for a common plan for instruction in our Sabbath schools, urges the importance of promoting the interests of newly organized Hebrew publications, setting forth a great dearth of English publications on the religious topics of the Jewish, recommends the establishment of circuits in destitute localities, to be under the supervision of the Rabbis, that the scattered brethren may all be instructed, and recommends a well prepared lecture for future conferences.

The report closes by recognizing the fact that we live in times when religious questions will play a prominent part; that in Europe the Church and state are preparing for a violent struggle, which will influence this country; that under such circumstances it is the duty of the Jews to show that they are favorable to the complete and unbiased separation of the Church, State and School. Judaism by all means of reform, tries to adapt itself to the progressive spirit of the age, and it will always be found on the side of those who stand up for the united enjoyment of civil and religious liberty; and that it considers and reserves as one of the greatest boons of civilization that denominational liberty which has heretofore characterized the unequalled growth and prosperity of our young and God blessed country.

Dr. Wels submitted several resolutions asking for a more thorough organization of the conference; that the congregations unite themselves into a Hebrew Congregational Union, with the object to preserve and advance the congregations, and to take proper care of the development and promulgation of Judaism, and to establish and support a scholastic institute and the library pertaining thereto for the education of rabbis, preachers and teachers of religion; to provide a cheap edition of the English Bible, and text books for the schools of religious instruction; to give support to weak congregations and to provide such other institutions which elevate, preserve and promulgate Judaism.

These congregations shall obligate themselves to be represented in a Synod to be convoked every third year, which Synod is to be the highest authority in the government, of the finances, real and personal property, institutions and the payment of officers. The Synod is to be convoked when thirty congregations, embracing not less than 3,000 male members, shall have declared in favor of a union.

Dr. Wise read an article on divine service for a day of atonement.

A resolution referring to the death of Dr. Fusco was unanimously adopted.

A committee of censors were appointed to report on all musical affairs both in temples and Sabbath schools.

CONCORD, (N. H.) June 6.—This city has never in its political history presented so lively a scene as to day. All the politicians of the State are engineering for the organization of the legislature tomorrow. All but ten of the 167 representatives who are calculated upon as the Democratic party strength, were present last evening. The Democrats are claiming the organization of the House by ten majority, in which event the Senate vacancies will not be filled until after the convention for counting the vote for Governor, as the Senate will not organize.

If the Democrats are successful, G. W. N. Pittman, (Dem.,) of Bartlett, will be elected President of the Senate, Wm. N. Gove, Rabor, (Reformer,) of Weare, Speaker of the House, and Jas. R. Jackson, of Lincoln, Clerk.

The Republican members express themselves confidently as to the result. Republican Representatives Scott, of Keene, and Johnson of Fitchburg, are ill and not able to be present.

The Republican candidate for Speaker will probably be Col. Wm. C. Vatten, of Kingston, with J. H. Benton, Jr., for Clerk. Well informed politicians calculate on Weston's election as Governor by a close vote, say five; and the Democrats say they can elect him even if the House is organized by Republicans. The Republican members are not called upon to be present before this evening, but there is already a larger relative representation of members elect present than ever before voted in the organization of the Legislature.

ASPINWALL, June 2, via KINGSTON, June 5.—The affairs of the Isthmus of Panama are quiet.

Advices from Peru state that the prosperity of the country is increasing.

Bolivia dates up to the 10th of May have been received that the ministry were unpopular; the Indians are warlike and threatening and had seized several haciendas.

There were several candidates for the Presidency, and troubles are expected.

Guatemala dates up to the 19th of May have been received that the revolutionists had captured the Escuintla inhabitants, and were highly incensed at the government, and affairs were threatening.

NEW ORLEANS, June 5—The flood is increasing, and the water is up Canal street to Rampart street, with the exception of the Neutral Ground on Canal street, which is not entirely covered.—East of Claiborne there is an unbroken sheet of water from Villery street to the Meraire bridge, and from the new to the old basins, an area of five or six square miles, including about three hundred thickly inhabited squares. The suffering of the inhabitants of this quarter, especially among the poorer classes, is very great. Thousands living in single story houses have moved out, while most of those in two story houses have been compelled to take to the second floors. Back of Claiborne street on Canal street there is an average depth of two feet of water.

The city authorities seem to be doing all they can to alleviate the sufferings of the people. Every available boat and skiff have been brought into use, and policemen are moving in almost every direction, rendering such assistance as they can, in moving those who are in danger, and distributing provisions to the needy.

The damage by this overflow cannot be estimated. Shrubbery and gardens have all been ruined, houses damaged and property depreciated. The overflow directly from the Lake in the Gendilly Road quarter has caused heavy loss in the destruction of numerous fine market gardens.

NEW YORK, June 5.—There is considerable demand for grain room and large engagements are made, but ship owners show no disposition to effect the business at the present freight rates; still grain is shipped as fast as it comes from the West, chiefly for London and Liverpool, and some for Bristol and Antwerp.

Gen. John C. Breckenridge is in this city.

The Herald's Long Branch correspondent says: Gen. Grant, in an interview, stated that Mr. Bancroft, Minister to Berlin, desires to resign and go to Italy to live, but as he is well posted on the San Juan question, to relieve him now would be injudicious. Before October arrives the treaty will be fixed all right, and as Mr. Bancroft has asked to be allowed to resign then, he can do so without injury to our interests. In speaking of General Sherman, in connection with the Presidency, Gen. Grant said he and Sherman were warm friends; he was not authorized to speak for him, but he was pretty certain Sherman wouldn't stand on the Democratic platform.

Sherman is no democrat and never was. The President is satisfied with Boutwell and his policy, and saw no necessity for a change. He further stated that he knew but little concerning the disagreement between Fish and the Russian Minister, but supposes the affair very trivial. When it is reported to him he will be able to say what to do with it, if it should be worth while doing anything.

Our relations with Russia was very cordial, and it would take a great deal to disturb them.

The President had nothing to do with the appointment of Brigham Young's son to West Point. The appointment was made by a Utah delegate. Had he (the President) known of the delegate's intention, he would have asked the Attorney General if he had power to prevent the appointment, and if answered affirmatively, he would have settled the matter right away.

The President said he had sent an appointment of Thos. Francis Meagher's son to the War office, and it was returned with the endorsement that the appointment had been made by a New York member.

Mr. H. A. Risley lately received letters from his daughters stating that Mr. Seward's party were at Suez on the 5th of May, and were going thence through Egypt. They had already traveled over thirty thousand miles.

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Maj. GEO. T. CASTLE, Balto., Md. }
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References—Maj. Gen. D. Hunter, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.; Hon. J. S. Negley, Pittsburg, Pa.; First National Bank, Hagerstown, Md.; Appleman & Co., Bankers, Hagerstown; Hon. R. J. Brent, late Att'y Gen'l Baltimore.

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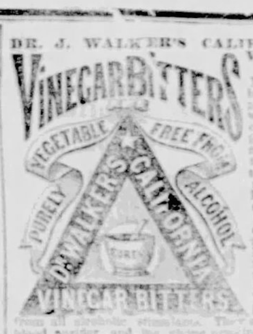

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SUGAR-COATED PILLS OF COD LIVER EXTRACT.

A perfect substitute for Cod Liver Oil—more effectual, more economical, and free from all its disagreeable qualities. Highly recommended by many eminent Physicians who have tried them for Consumption, Debility, Costiveness, Scrofula, &c. &c.

The following letters are specimens of Testimonials received daily:

PARIS, Edgar Co., Ill., April 3, 1870.

MESSRS WARD, SOUTHERLAND & CO.—GENTS—Please send at once to Rev. Samuel Nowell, D.D

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY JUNE 15, 1871.

Terms of Subscription

THE WEEKLY BLADE

Published every Thursday and sent to subscribers by mail, at the following rates:

One Copy, one year	$2 00
" " six months	1 00
" " three months	50
Clubs of five	$1 75 each.
" ten or more	1 50 "

With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

ON TRIAL.—In order to introduce the BLADE where it is not now known, we will send it ON TRIAL, in clubs of five or more, three months, for fifty cents each, and an extra copy to the person sending the club.

Rates of Advertising!

IN THE

WEEKLY BLADE

Ordinary advertisements (Nonpariel solid) 60 cents per line, each insertion.

Special Notices (Nonpariel leaded) 70 cents per line, each insertion.

Editorial or Business Notices, (Minion leaded,) 80 cents per line, each insertion.

Twelve lines Nonpariel solid make one inch.

The average number of words (Nonpariel solid) in an inch is 90; 22 inches make a column.

Double column advertisements and cuts 33⅓ per cent additional.

No advertisement inserted for less than $1.

Objectionable advertisements not accepted.

FOSTER'S APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

Some days ago in most of the New York papers a card appeared over the signature of FOSTER, the murderer of Mr. PUTNAM, invoking a favorable review of the alleged mitigations of his offense. This appeal was telegraphed to all the daily journals of the country, and considerable comment has been called forth by it. It now turns out that the paper was framed by some sensation-loving Bohemian who got FOSTER'S name to it, and his consent to its publication if his counsel should give their approbation to that step. The counsel refused their consent, but the writer falsified his pledge and gave the paper to the public. FOSTER'S counsel are too wise to venture before the public with an appeal so devoid of real merit. They prefer trusting to the advantage they may be able to gain by the lapse of time, and the "glorious uncertainty of the law."

Before the cowardly and brutal deed of murder committed by FOSTER, the public bore him no prejudice. He was a low-bred, rough man, of vicious associations, but still unknown to the general public, unaccused, so far as we are aware of any crimes more serious than those of drunkenness and the commoner vices of the class with whom he was identified. The law was as ready to protect and shield him from harm as any other man. When put upon his trial for a crime which caused a shudder of horror to creep over every sensitive person in the land, his jury was certainly not prejudiced against him. The uncalled for recommendation of mercy which they tacked on to the verdict proves that they convicted him of his great crime with the greatest reluctance. But the law and the evidence, as plain to all the world as to them, compelled their verdict. The consciences of the jurors told them that the people would not tolerate a verdict in this case false to the law and to the facts. They well knew that every man consenting to such a verdict would be treated as an accessory after the fact to a most brutal murder. The public, which must take the street-cars, felt that the law must be made to protect innocent men and women from insult and violence on the public highways. The case is of such a nature that the public safety requires that the law be carried out. Hence no sophistical, sentimental appeal, whether drawn by a lawyer or a sensational reporter, can avail to avert the doom which the guilty wretch has incurred. Even those who think capital punishment should be no part of our penal system, still believe that so long as it does so stand cases of deliberate murder like this should be visited with the extremest terror of the law. Let the law be made a "terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well." If drunkenness leads men to commit crime, let every man know when he gets drunk that he commits a crime which includes within itself the possibility of crimes which may forfeit his liberty and life. When a man gets drunk he assumes for himself this risk, and he, and not society, should bear the responsibility and the consequences.

THE SOUTH AND EMIGRATION

The *Gwinnet Atlas* published at Lawrence, Georgia, publishes an appeal to emigrants from citizens of that county which concludes as follows:

"The negro population, at no time very numerous have generally left the county and gone to the cities or farther South. Then to the upright, moral and industrious, of whatever occupation or tongue, the people of Gwinnet send greeting, and invite you come and be of us—bring your wives, children and household goods, and fear no evil. The citizens of Gwinnett are peaceable and law-abiding, and, without scruple or mental reservation, we hereby pledge our right arms as surety for the safety of the honest, orderly immigrant, from whencesoever hailing, both in person and property. * * * * *

"No one is proscribed for politics or religion—the most tolerant spirit pervades our people—the laws are impartially administered to all alike."

We have no doubt this is issued in good faith, and that there are quiet and liberal communities in various parts of the South where "a most tolerant spirit prevails." Such a spirit ought to prevail in the South, as fully and as completely as it does in the new settlements in the west. The south needs immigration as badly as the west, but the violence set on foot in many places by a defeated and malignant aristocracy and its hangers on have made peace-loving emigrants afraid of the South. It is therefore to the interest of such communities as desire to be built up by emigration to sustain the government in enforcing law and keeping order in every part of the country. As one bad man may give a whole neighborhood a bad name, so one turbulent community may excite a dread of a whole district or State. Especially should the people of the South who call for northern men to settle among them, put their feet firmly upon that class of politicians which excite impassions of the rabble, and who seek by violence to compass the defeat of the political party which rules in the interest of humanity and free government.

THE OLD TACTICS OF THE SOUTH.

Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, the Ex-President of the defunct Confederacy, in his speeches at Atlanta and Augusta, recommends the following course to the white men of the South. Speaking of a time to come when the North shall be divided in its politics, as it used to be before the war, he says:

"And when the hour comes then will come the fulfillment of the promised era of constitutional liberty, which I so confidently anticipate and hope for to-day. I may not live to see it, but if I do not, I shall die confidently believing that it will come. I know, my friends, that in this I run counter to the feelings that are prevalent in different portions of our country, but I believe this is the true policy for the south to pursue at present. The south can not hasten the day of her deliverance by attempting to assume a leading part in the politics of the country to-day. Let her people quietly and earnestly devote themselves to the work of improving and building up their material prosperity, leaving those who have the power to settle these questions among themselves, simply saying to them, "We know our rights—know they are invaded," and then wait patiently until we see them divided and at issue with themselves, and join the party and support the candidate and the platform that promises a restoration of constitutional liberty. It is then that you will hold the balance of political power in your own hands, and it is then that all your rights will once more be restored and guaranteed.

This means, when translated into plain English, that the South is to resume, at the earliest possible day, its old tactics of dividing the North, and hold itself as a compact, united body, holding the balance of power between two avaricious, grasping, office loving parties at the North. Let the Democratic party gain strength in the North and the South can control in its councils. No matter in what way, or by what deceits the Democracy gains control, the South will attain its ends through it. The old tactics are to be resumed and the old oligarchs of secession, who should have been hung for treason and other high crimes, once more rule the nation with a rod of iron.

It may be that the DAVIS party in the South—for he is once more a leader in Southern politics—do not propose the re-establishment of slavery, or the re-assertion of the right of States to secede.—They may not mean war, at least for a generation to come—but they do mean to rule in the South and to have things their own way at both the South and the North. We must not allow this. The rule of the old oligarchy to power, means the reign of the same despotism over free thought and free speech at the South which existed in the days of slavery. Mr. JEFF DAVIS forewarns us that they intend to divide us that they may conquer us. The new tactics have begun in Ohio. The "new departure" tells us that the Democracy has consented finally that the amendments shall not be disturbed. That bygones shall be bygones. That the Democracy will fight us on the old questions of finance, tariffs, etc., and on the new question of St. Domingo. But the old war is ended. For ten years they hoped to beat us on that issue and wear out our patience. But they now despair of that, and hence they ostensibly adopt our platform in order to divide us on subsidary questions. That once accomplished—and the strength of the Republican party broken, the south by its compactness will carry all its measures whatever the breach of faith that may involve.

This state of things will divide the Democratic party into factions—one to sympathise with the South, and the other to have some regard for fidelity to pledges made to the people of the North Then the South will sweep all by its compact energy, and not a generation will elapse until the old terror will be restored and the republic once more be in a hand-to hand struggle with despotism and treason.

CORRESPONDENCE ADVERTISEMENTS.

There are some things which are tolerated or winked at as follies, yet which, in fact, are grave crimes. We have often wondered that any respectable and well-disposed lady should ever get the consent of her own mind to write a letter to any person asking for a response through the newspapers. Sometimes these advertisements are put in by thoughtless young men "for fun," and with no design of doing harm to any one, and, no doubt in many cases correspondence has been carried on between strangers with no harmful results. But, in by far the greater number of cases, the advertisements asking for voluntary lady correspondents are put forth by worthless and unprincipled persons. At least such a custom, when tolerated in society, or when only regarded as a slight indiscretion, furnishes a cover under which the worst men may pursue and accomplish evil designs. A man who is really worthy can gain suitable acquaintance where he is or may be known, without asking correspondence of total strangers. Hence, no self respecting, prudent young lady will make herself a by-word for unprincipled jesters by putting letters of her writing into their possession. In illustration of this, in hope that it may do something to put a stop to a sort of wicked folly which has been too leniently treated, we give the following warning from the Cincinnati *Gazette* which is deduced from a recent divorce case in the courts of Hamilton county:

John P. Dabney, a married man, under the name of J. D. Platt and F. M. Weeks, advertised for correspondence with girls between the age of 17 and 30, which was answered by quite a number of females, and in one case Dabney, under the assumed name of Weeks, contracted an engagement with a girl at Connersville, Ind.

This Dabney, who is, of course a worthless scoundrel, was turned out of a boarding house for non payment of board, and a trunk belonging to him was retained by the landlord. This piece of furniture was subsequently opened by his wife, and among its contents were one hundred and fifty love letters, and a number of photographs from girls who had answered his advertisement. These "documents" are in the hands of lawyers, and were made public in court. The newspapers mercifully refrained from giving particulars, otherwise the foolish girls who wrote the letters and furnished their photographs might have been exposed.

Another case recently occurred in this line which is also to be mentioned as a warning. A man advertised for correspondence, and was answered by a daughter of respectable parents. The correspondence was continued, an engagement contracted and a day fixed on for the wedding. At the appointed hour the man drove up to the house in a carriage, met the girl for the first time, was married; the pair got as far as Chicago on their wedding tour, where the woman was deserted, and compelled to return to her parents, heart broken and disgraced.

We do not suppose that an honest man ever advertised for correspondence with a view to matrimony, or for any other purpose, and girls should regard all such advertisements as frauds to be avoided as they would avoid the keeper of a common brothel.

INVESTMENTS.

Railroad and Real Estate Securities.

If we compare first-class Railroad Bonds with Real Estate mortgages as an investment for the people generally, each will be found to have peculiar advantages of their own. For example—a Railroad Bond is readily and always negotiable; its cash value is known by all bankers, and hence it can be used as collateral at banks for temporary loans; the interest it bears is regularly and promptly paid, without trouble or expense to the holder; the investor in Railroad Bonds, unlike the owner of Real Estate mortgages, has no anxiety about the *title* to the property on which his bond is secured, insurance on buildings, or the annual payment of taxes, on which the continued soundness of that title depends.

On the other hand, it is to be admitted that a first mortgage on valuable Land is one of the best possible securities. The property can neither run away nor burn up. Its value is not affected by speculative combinations, nor by fluctuations in the amount of Railroad traffic. The actual value of good land steadily increases with the steady growth of population.

It is because the 7-30 Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad are both a first class Railroad security, and a Real Estate mortgage, on lands worth twice the amount secured, that we commend them to those of our readers who desire an investment that is safe beyond question, while really negotiable and bearing a good rate of interest. They are a first lien, not only on a great railroad and its traffic, but *in addition* are a first mortgage on valuable lands at the rate of 50 acres to each $100 of indebtedness. Add to this the fact, that the rate of interest (7 3-10 per cent. gold,) is more than 8 per cent. currency, and that the bonds are always exchangeable at 10 per cent. premium for the lands on which they are secured, (practically giving the power of foreclosure at will,) and it is easy to explain the high favor with which these securities are now regarded. Central Pacific R. R. Bonds, secured only on the Railroad itself, and bearing only six per cent. gold interest, are now selling at 103, and they are well worth the price. In the light of this fact, it is not unsafe to predict that Northern Pacifics, bearing SEVEN AND THREE-TENTHS per cent. gold interest, secured both on the Railroad and on 23,000 acres of land to each mile of track, and now selling at par, will at an early day be worth 1.10.

THE MORSE STATUE.

Those who believe that men are not honored in their own day should read the telegraphic account given elsewhere of the unveiling of the MORSE statue in Central Park and of the celebration held at the Academy of Music in the evening. It is indeed rare that a statue is erected to a man while he is yet living, but when his services are so unmistakably and entirely to the advantage of the race as those of Professor MORSE, the world is glad to give him due homage and recognition while he lives. It is also exceedingly rare that any inventor or benefactor of the race is permitted to witness a triumph so unquestioned and splendid as that of Professor MORSE. Thirty years ago, when he was laboring to secure an appropriation from Congress to construct a test line between Baltimore and Washington, he was laughed at by one-half of those who knew of his project and considered something of a visionary by the other half. Now his invention covers Europe and America with a net work of wires, underlies the oceans, seas and bays of the world, brings the chief cities of the globe into almost instantaneous communication, and has revolutionized the press and the commerce of the nations. He is the liberal and practical PUCK who will have put a girdle around the earth in forty years, if not in forty minutes, and when the girdle is once put on, he may encircle the globe with messages in less than the forty minutes. It needs now only a Pacific cable to make the circle complete, and the taste for completeness regrets that the message which the venerable Professor signed on last Saturday night in a thousand places at once, could not have been the first to make the journey round the earth. It would have been a triumph beyond the wildest dream of any poet or enthusiast if SAMUEL F. B. MORSE had sat upon the platform in the Academy of Music last Saturday night, and signed his name around the world, the initial "S" making the journey and getting back before the final "e" had started.

The despatches say that Professor MORSE in his address gave a history of his early struggles and difficulties. No abstract of the address is transmitted, but we may draw upon memory for a few of the leading facts. It was during a passage to Europe in 1833 that he made his most encouraging experiments with the crude instruments which he then possessed. For some years he had been making telegraphic communication a subject of study and experiment. A few years later he felt warranted in applying to Congress for aid to construct an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore. His project was ridiculed by the wise law-makers, as similar projects usually are, but Congress entertained his petition far enough to submit it to CAVE JOHNSON, of Tennessee, then Postmaster General. Mr. JOHNSON returned an elaborate report upon which he brought to bear the intelligent judgment and the conservative spirit of an old-style public man and in which he ridiculed the project as the freak of a madman and said, "it is folly as practicable to run a telegraph line to the moon as to Baltimore." This was satisfactory to a portion of Congress, but there were others who felt like the hypochondriac whenever he heard of a new remedy that "there might be something in it," and so Congress, after much delay, and doubtless as much to be rid of the young madman's importunities as to honestly test his invention, made an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars. This was on the 4th of March, 1843, and the line was completed early in 1844. The first real message sent over this line, and also the first real telegraphic message ever sent, contained but four words, viz: "What hath God wrought?" The successful transmission of this message established the success of the telegraph and the fame of Professor MORSE. Immediately telegraphic lines began to multiply until to-day, Europe, Asia and Africa send greeting to America and announce their interest in the MORSE celebration, while a vast army of men employed in telegraphing send an address to the venerable inventor containing *ninety feet of printed signatures.*

We have not time to dilate upon the results and possibilities of the telegraph. Its value to the commercial world is inestimable and if Professor MORSE possessed to-day a tithe of the money, not which has been made by its instrumentality but which it has saved in business transactions, he would probably be the wealthiest man on the globe. But immense as is its value to commerce, this is but one of its minor uses It is becoming and is to become a chief, if not the chief agency in bringing all the nations and races of the earth into close relations and into business and literary intercourse. When all the races shall be of one language and one religion, and the great fact announced by the Apostle that all men were made of one blood shall be fully understood and acted upon, the historian of that millenium time will tell how ages ago, so long ago in fact as the year of our Lord 1840, God put it into the mind of a man named SAMUEL F. B. MORSE to construct the electric telegraph as one of the leading agencies in giving Christian civilization to all the earth. When that time comes, the sermon of some BEECHER delivered in New York on Sunday will be read before night, or at the furthest by next morning, in the cities of Canton, Yokohama, Honolulu, Bombay, Ispahan, Yakutsk and Cairo, and the annual address or message of the President or Umpire of the United Nations of the Earth, will be received and commented upon from Kamschatka to Cape Horn on the same day it is delivered.

THE POTATO BUG.

The ravages of the Colorado Bug continue in every part of this State, in Indiana and in Illinois. Various plans have been tried in destroying them but nearly all agree that picking the bugs off the vines, or the application of Paris Green, are the only effective ways of getting rid of the evil. The bug is killed with difficulty. One man threw the bugs in a barrel partly filled with newly slacked lime. This didn't answer as the bugs escaped and returned to his potato vines. Mr. BUTLER, of Columbus, recommends thorough cultivation as a great assistant in guarding against the depredations of the beetle. This produces a more vigorous growth of the plant and the vigorous stirring of the soil will destroy many of the pupae before they have matured. He expresses the opinion that wherever a reasonable degree of attention is given to the extermination of the insect that a fair crop of early potatoes may be calculated on as the tubers will mature before the second generation has time to do much injury.

It is said that the best way to use Paris Green is to mix it with six to eight parts of flour or plaster and dust the powder all over the vines which are attacked. The Xenia *Torchlight* says that J. J. REED, of Yellow Springs, has by experiment found an effectual destroyer of the potato bug. His remedy is this:

"Throw into hot water soft soap enough to tincture, and a sufficient quantity of the weed, maratula cotula—better known as dog-fennel—to produce a bitterish taste; let it cool and sprinkle on the plants through a watering-pot. This will kill the bug instantly."

This plan can be tried in connection with others. Only the plan that is most effective in destroying should be adopted.

☞Gen. DE TROBRIAND, an officer of the United States' Army who has just arrived in this country from France has given his views of the situation of that sadly distracted country as follows:

"Everything in politics in France now is quicksand—an unsubstantial, treacherous mixture of traditional ideas, private interests, prejudices and irrational theories—and in all this conglomeration of feeling there is no solid ground to build anything permanent. All may depend on accident. I do not believe legitimacy will be restored, mainly because all the cities are strongly opposed to it and incline towards a republic. The strength of that party is the old families in Brittany and the south of France. The clergy are also favorable to legitimacy in those sections of France, looking to it as their best protection. The peasantry of France are as a mass eminently ignorant, prejudiced and selfish. Those of them who are in the hands of the priests or nobles would vote whatever they were told or do anything else blindly for the restoration of a prince, for no other reason than they were told to do so. At this moment if a plebiscite were proposed, a very large number of peasants would vote for the empire, knowing absolutely nothing of anything concerning national concerns. As for the republicans in the cities, a certain number of them are good, liberal and intelligent men, but they are in the minority. A larger number of the republicans of France are impracticable men. The monarchist will never admit a difference between one sort of Republican and the other. Their constant cry has been of late, "You will see how impossible is a Republic in France." * * * * "You can not have any idea here of the deep demoralization of France under the imperial government. It was a worse government than ever France had before. But there is no fear of its restoration. Although many of the peasants are in favor of it, their master has gone, and they have no leaders, no officials to lead them to the polls, and tell them what to vote, consequently they are like sheep without a shepherd."

☞The New Orleans *Times* has this to say of the new Democratic shift:

Vallandigham's agency in the Democratic army reminds us of the judgment of an Irish private in one of the confederate armies, on the merits of one of the gallant chiefs thereof, to whom two young officers agreed to refer their dispute, as to the merits of said general. Pat was then suffering from a severe wound received in a desperate charge ordered by the general who was the object of the dispute:

"What is me opinion of the general? Well, I am a private and I've no right to judge of his qualifications as a general, but it's me opinion that he would make the best sexton in the Christian world."

We fear that Vallandigham has constituted himself the sexton of the national democracy. He certainly did a big job in that line in the last national convention, into which, though not a member, he managed to wriggle himself, and immediately placed himself at the head of the funeral procession which conducted Horatio Seymour and the party to an early grave. After this achievement, Val. might have retired with sufficient *eclat* to serve him the remainder of his life. Indeed it was understood at the time that this was his last appearance. But, like the rich old soapboiler and tallow chandler who, on retiring from business bargained with his successor for the privilege of attending the establishment on every boiling day, Val. insists upon being in at every funeral of the party, which he has so long served as chief undertaker.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE jury in the MILLIGAN case, a suit for damages for imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary for political offences, returned a verdict for the plaintiff for five dollars damages. The Judge, it is said, was a little in doubt as to whether the jury were in earnest or not, and asked them. The reply of the foreman was entirely satisfactory. So the trial of MILLIGAN, by his peers, has resulted in a verdict that says concisely his imprisonment was just. The people so decided long since and Mr. MILLIGAN has opportunity to complain of the people as well as of the Government. During his imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary he conducted himself with becoming propriety, was independent but not stubborn. His darling project of being released by writ of *habeas corpus* was spoiled by the Secretary of War ordering the release of MILLIGAN and confederates At that time the guns had been primed for a tremendous explosion, and rebel sympathizers were ready to do and say all manner of things against the Government. Instead of contesting the point, the government anticipated the movement and ordered the release. Those guns were never fired and MILLIGAN made no sensation, but left Columbus as quietly, almost, as any other discharged prisoner. The late trial was to produce immense effect and the verdict of the jury was to be paraded on every possible occasion. Again MILLIGAN is a disappointed man and the promised parade will not come off.

CHARLES READE is a plain talker. He is a shrewd man as well. Some years ago his "Griffith Gaunt" brought down upon him an avalanche of censure. He did not proceed, as many a writer has done, to write a story having more of the objectionable element in it than had before, but apparently asking heed of the public sentiment, gave us the powerful story of "Put Yourself in his Place." Those who supposed that the novelist had abandoned his old line now discover that they were mistaken. In his story "A Terrible Temptation" he talks plainer than ever before, and the story, to those who condemned "Griffith Gaunt," is more objectionable. The man wants readers. Did he write "Put Yourself in his Place" that he might not lose his hold on the people, or that he might make it stronger, as a preparatory move to writing "A Terrible Temptation?" The man's nature is not depraved. There is very little of the element that made such novels as "Cometh up as a Flower," etc., popular. He writes with a strong purpose, and although he may be mistaken as to the means of accomplishing, evidence of strong conviction is not wanting. He argues that he can afford to offend if he can only convince. There is a necessity in England and in this country for plain talk and we are having abundance of it. Other English writers are talking in the same style as CHARLES READE. Let all come under the lash or not any. There is a call for work in this direction, but there is great danger that the mark will be over shot and that the wisdom which formed the purpose will not be strong enough to direct the hand in accomplishing. Into this danger we think CHARLES READE has fallen.

THE *Index* of Petersburg, Va., pronounces Dr. LIVINGSTONE a humbug, and expresses the opinion that of all travelers he seems to have the least qualities of a traveler. This expression is the more surprising as it comes at a time when the people of civilized nations are rejoicing over the announcement of Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S safety, and when famous travelers are expressing the highest appreciation of Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S efforts in behalf of Christianity and science. The people and these travelers know more about Dr. LIVINGSTONE, and have more interest in his work than the editor of the *Index*. Let us see why the people are so much interested. Dr. LIVINGSTONE is not a traveler like MUNGO PARK, or HUMBOLDT, or BAKER, or DU CHAILLU; he chose a field and has worked in it patiently. He traveled through Africa with a great object. He went first as a Christian, and his influence in modifying the worst features of savage life was very great. He aimed particularly at the slave trade among the savage nations, and certainly had some influence in abating the evil. He visited regions never before visited by traveler, and gave us pictures of the country and the people. He made discoveries and announced them modestly. He contributed much, as much perhaps as any man living, to our knowledge of the people of Interior Africa. He is not a scientific man like Humboldt, nor a brilliant man like Baker, nor an enthusiast like Du Chaillu; is not a fisher, or a hunter perhaps; cares as much for the people as for rivers and mountains and doesn't care to shoot a gorilla; but he is a patient, modest, well informed man, doing Christian work, advancing the interests of commerce and adding to the records of science as well. A man who shows so much courage, fortitude, and love for his work, must be animated by a strong purpose, all of which may be above the comprehension of the *Index*, but which seems to be thoroughly comprehended by the people. As DU CHAILLU cared very little for the assaults upon him and as he talks "gorilla" as much now as before his last expedition to Africa, so we suppose that DR. LIVINGSTONE will survive the assault of the *Index*.

THE Chicago *Tribune* designates Captain HALL'S Arctic expedition as a "hyperborean spree, or summer excursion to the Arctic Zone" and proceeds to say "Arctic expeditions hold the same place in scientific explorations as foreign missions do in religious enterprise. The less the prospect of a profitable result, the greater the merit attributed to the enterprise. Any New Bedford whaler who would sail around into the North Pacific, and bring back a cargo of sperm, would be a public benefactor compared with Captain HALL, whose trip northward through Greenland is sure to prove nothing but that the further north in Greenland one goes the more certain he is to be frozen."

The man who penned this paragraph has, undoubtedly, the old school boy notion, that the principal object with all Arctic explorers, is simply to discover the fabled open polar sea, and he has read as little about and knows as little of, the scientific discoveries that have been made by this class of men, as the youngster who has read nothing later than KANE'S voyages, and read that book with an eye to adventure instead of science. An Arctic expedition is a scientific exploration. No region has more puzzling secrets locked within it than this Arctic Zone, and within the last ten years no region has contributed so much to the development of science as this. Electricity, Electro Magnetism and all the kindred sciences, with the discoveries of KANE, HALL, HAYES and others, assumed new position, and although the ground is still a debatable one, more progress has been made in this department, of science perhaps, than in any other. The basis for this progressive movement has been given by Arctic explorers. These discoveries have not been such as to interest only scientific men. They settled questions that had always puzzled navigators, surveyors, astronomers, and scarcely were the discoveries announced when the principles involved were put in use in practical life and with great benefit. Capt. HALL may have his theories, and he may be something of an enthusiast. But such men make good leaders, and although their efforts in the time of COLUMBUS would have been sneered at, they should not be now.

COLORED men are quite as fond of having good wages paid them, as white men are. Democratic stumpers used to tell the white mechanics and laboring men that when the negroes were set free they would underbid their labor and deprive their children of bread. This argument had considerable effect in its day. But, though the negro has been free for seven years in most of the States, we have heard of no white men's families suffering in consequence, except in some ex-slaveholder's family, where incapacity to work was the cause of some inconvenience. The northern workingman has not suffered from emancipation. Recently the colored street laborers of Washington, very unwisely, as many their best friends think, struck for higher wages, and the Democrats think they behaved very naughtily in so doing. A Republican government put white men in their places because they would work for less than the negro. Does not this show what false prophets the Democrats were? The black man now strikes for higher wages, and the white man successfully competes with him. Thus falls, one after another, the old sophistries and false predictions of the pro-slavery era. The negro wants good pay for honest work the same as other men.

A DESPATCH announces the arrival of ex-Secretary SEWARD at Cairo and adds that the Sultan has despatched to the Pachas to treat him as the guest of the nation. Wherever Mr. SEWARD has gone in his swing around the great circle of the globe he has been treated with the most distinguished consideration by rulers and dignataries. At one time his party were insulted by some beggars and ragamuffins in China, but they were treated with great courtesy by the government and the mandarins. When it is remembered that Mr. SEWARD is traveling merely as a private gentleman, the treatment he receives is at least remarkable and must be gratifying to every American. He has gained a world-wide reputation as diplomat and statesman, it is true, but the distinguished consideration shown him is not so much personal as it is national. He is received everywhere, and in Turkey made the guest of the nation, as the unofficial representative of the United States, or rather of the American Republic. There are few of our distinguished men whom we are more pleased to see honored abroad than Mr. SEWARD. He has been at the same time one of our most progressive and yet wisely conservative men. He was not only a leader of moral and political progress, but has been the steady advocate of that material progress which has given us one Pacific Railroad and is giving us two more and which is encircling the world with the electric telegraph. He was one of the first friends of the Pacific Railroad, and if he were a young man we should expect to find him advocating a through line from New York to St. Petersburgh, London, and Paris by way of tunnels under Behring's Strait and the British Channel, and hope that he might live to purchase one of the first through tickets.

THE FACT that a Republican so conspicuous as HORACE GREELEY could travel through the South in perfect safety and talk and write with entire freedom all the way, is seized upon by some of the Democratic journals as a wonderful affair, and as confuting the accounts of intolerance and violence claimed to exist at the South. That the Southern oligarchs, at a time like this, should bestow some attention on one who signed the bail-bond which released their chieftain from confinement, and not allow him to be murdered or tarred and feathered, as must have been his fate if he had so journeyed a dozen years ago, we do not take to be a prodigious stride in refinement of manners. Mr. GREELEY is an ardent pleader for the complete enfranchisement of all those who took part in the rebellion. So far he is in full accord with the men who on his late trip forebore to ride him on a rail or to cut his throat in the ancient fashion. That he should be allowed to journey, talk, and make speeches to Southern gentlemen only argues that they are not above taking help of a man they long ago held to be only worthy of the gallows. How fares it in Alabama and Texas with the young men and women, who, learning philanthropy from HORACE GREELEY'S essays and editorials, have gone to teach the negroes to read their Bibles? Are they as kindly welcomed, as free from insult and danger, and as perfectly protected in life and limb as he was on a late visit? Are Northern settlers, especially if suspected of political ambition, as free from persecution, as if they had settled in Iowa or Minnesota? That HORACE GREELEY, as a sentimental traveler, was not lynched, does not show that the South is as good a place for an old abolitionist to live in as it might be. Then we would like to know how much HORACE'S safety and good treatment was the result of the thousands of lives and the millions of treasure the North expended to make it the privilege of a citizen of New York to speak his thoughts in Texas? That Mr GREELEY could do so is something, to be sure, but hardly an adequate return for all it has cost to establish free speech there. One swallow does not make a summer. We shall not be contented until a citizen of New York, however humble or obscure, shall have the same protection of law and the same freedom to speak and write that a citizen of Texas has in the States of the North and the West when he journeys thither.

THE newspaper reporter is an interesting study. He is not only the bravest and most modestly "cheeky" of men, but has in a majority of instances both education and character, and is simply serving an apprenticeship at the business which in future is to give him control of the world. He is frequently attacked in convention, legislative bodies, and elsewhere, by men who have a lofty contempt of newspapers and newspaper reporters, but who delight above all things to be favorably mentioned in a public journal, and occasionally his expulsion is moved. If he has had experience, he enjoys this much more than the traditional Hibernian does a "row," or, as a modern Celt has called it, an "engagement." Throughout our war he was among the bravest, the most unflinching, the most devoted, the truest of men, and he repaid General SHERMAN for his early war upon correspondents and his professed contempt of newspaper criticism by throwing a glory over the General's achievements and writing him up as a military genius of the first water. How little General SHERMAN cared for newspaper criticism, was shown when he fell sick and almost became the temporary madman he was said to be at the attacks of Western papers after he was relieved of the command of the Army of the Cumberland. In the late Franco-German war, the correspondent was if anything more alive and ubiquitous than ever. The dangers and difficulties of reporting a war like that only gave zest to his efforts. Even this was not enough to satisfy him, and he managed to ensconce himself in the heart of Paris during the mad revels of the Commune and stand up to his duty, unless assassinated or beheaded, until the dance of death was over. One of these scarcely took it as intrusion when a shell came near slicing off his ear, but he dwells upon the fact that his ear was in danger and was more distressed at being under bombardment without a match to light his pipe than he was at the prospect of having his pipe shivered to atoms and his ear carried away by a shell. Another had the desk on which he was writing splintered by grape, but as it did not tear his paper and left room enough on the desk to write, he proceeded coolly to finish his letter. To these brave and intelligent men, the future historian will look for his best conceptions of our wars. No more interesting book upon the wars of the last decade could be published than one containing the best of the letters of newspaper correspondents.

WE publish elsewhere a "Farm Ballad," by CARLETON, entitled "Over the Hill to the Poor House," which appears illustrated in the last number of *Harper's Weekly*. The publishers accompany the Ballad with the following paragraph:

Few American poems have taken a stronger hold on the mass of readers in this country than Carleton's homely "Farm Ballad" entitled "Betsey and I are Out," which was published, with a fine illustration, in *Harper's Weekly* for May 27th. Simple in form and homely in expression, it contained the leaven of true poetry and sentiment, and no one could read it without feeling the pathos of the story. The impression it has made is shown by the large number of sequels which have been printed in various parts of the country. We have received nearly a dozen, some of them very fair, and curiously enough nearly all of them taking the same view of the situation, and bringing the parties to a happy reconciliation. Mr. Carleton has himself written a continuation of the story, which has been in our hands for some time. It will in due season appear, when the public will learn the true sequel to the visit of the lawyer, a secret which could of course be known only to the author of "Betsey and I." All other sequels are spurious.

The experience of the *Harpers* is exactly like our own. We have, as heretofore stated, received over a dozen sequels to "Betsey and I," uniformly ending in reconciliation. We do not know whether CARLETON'S sequel will so end or not, but we are glad that whatever it may be, "Betsey and I" is safe. As it stands it is complete, unless in mere verbal expression. We still insist, though we have received opinions to the contrary, that the art of the poem would be spoiled by a reconciliation. It would be more true to nature, or rather to everyday experience, to reconcile the parties, but it must be remembered that when husband and wife quarrel in the morning and make it up at night, the event is not worth commemoration in verse. CARLETON may, in his sequel, keep the two apart until they have suffered so intensely that they are driven together, and thus the poem would be somewhat like a novel in two parts. It will not affect the art of "Betsey and I" to publish a sequel as a separate poem, but we insist that any such change of the original as to bring about a reconcilition, will destroy the art of the poem and consequently its effect. Upon this point a correspondent says:

In your comments last week upon the "Sequel to Betsy and I are Out," you assert that more heart than art is shown by the reconciliatory ending, and that a true poet would not thus have ended the story. This seems to be a somewhat arbitrary limitation of what is essentially the poetic art. If the work of the poet is, as we are told, to seize upon common occurrences of real life and from them the poetic elements they contain—in other words to idealize them—it would seem that true art would be able to manifest itself by any treatment of the subject that is in accordance with Nature.

The fact that all the woman-answers to the poem ended with a reconciliation accords with the fact that of more than a score of persons who have spoken to me of their impressions of the first poem, not one had adopted any other conclusion than that a "making up" between the parties was imminent. Several editors transferring it to their columns, prefaced it with the same comforting assurance. If the author intended to produce the opposite conviction he did not succeed in overcoming in his readers that sense of the fitness of things which results from genuine observation and experience of human nature. A sequel that should have adjusted the difficulty in any other way than as we know such difficulties are in nineteen cases out of twenty really adjusted, might perhaps have been made a miracle of art; but could scarcely have been regarded as a picture taken from life, or as satisfying the demand made by the unities of the first poem.

It may be said of the sequels that a reconciliation is about the only taint which is left to give them point. Anything else would be a mere continuation of CARLETON'S poem. We do not complain of these sequels. They are the universal answer of the human heart to a state of things which ought not to exist, and which there is still hope of re-adjusting in this life. About the only thing which CARLETON can do to stop this flood of sequels is to kill off one of the parties. We have a number on hand, from which we propose to publish one or two of the best in due time.

We are gratified at CARLETON'S success, not only because the BLADE introduced him to the public nor because of the genuineness of his productions, but because he is rebuking all that class of writers who have gained the public ear by a style of writing in character or in dialect, and who suppose that whatever is natural, and especially whatever is drawn from the lower walks of life, is legitimate material for literary use. They therefore present their characters with all their infidelity, blasphemy and vulgarity and endeavor to redeem them by some heroic act or attachment.

SILVER SONG. REVISED EDITION.—So much has been said in praise of this charming Sunday School work by the press and those who are using it, that its fame is spreading throughout every State in the Union; and in speaking of its merits a leading Sabbath School paper says: "This is really the most charming Sabbath School music book that has ever come under our observation. Very much has been said in its praise by musical critics from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but after a careful examination we are compelled to admit that the half has not been told."

The *Herald and Reflector*, of Boston, says: "It is very rarely that a really good work in this line appears before the public, notwithstanding the numerous books of this class that are issued. We have examined the 'Silver Song' and find in it so much real merit that we take pleasure in recommending it to our Sabbath Schools. It is a very choice collection of music, just suited to any Sabbath School where the work of God is taught and loved and good and appropriate music desired."

This book has recently been revised, making it the *latest* and most complete work of its kind now before the public.

Specimen pages can be had free by addressing W. W. WHITNEY, Publisher, Toledo, O.

THE LONG EXPERIENCE of LEWIS RICE, as landlord of the AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, has made his name familiar with the traveling public throughout the country. This excellent hotel is among the best in the United States.

GARNETT'S COCOAINE is the best Hair-dressing.

Correspondence.

Washington Letters.

Correspondence of the Blade.

THE NEW TREATY—ITS IMMEDIATE RATIFICATION EXPECTED—THE APOLOGY—CIVIL SERVICE—THE CHENEY REBELLION.

WASHINGTON, June 6, 1871.

There is a very general impression that the provisions of the new treaty which relate to the fisheries and other Canadian interests require the assent of the local legislatures, and that they have the power to practically defeat the measures provided for in the instrument. This is not quite accurate.

The treaty is an agreement between two sovereign States and goes into complete effect as soon as it is ratified by the two contracting parties. But those portions which relate to the fisheries, the use of certain rivers and canals, and the free transportation of goods and merchandise through certain portions of British or American territory go into effect on the passage of enabling laws by Parliament, the government of the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and the legislature of Prince Edward's Island. But if these laws are not passed the reciprocal advantages provided for do not accrue to the party at fault, as the local Province cuts itself off from any participation in the corresponding benefits; so that there is little danger of any failure to pass the required laws. The treaty goes into effect at once on its ratification; but the matters relating to Canada go into effect when the laws on which they depend shall have been passed; and they continue in effect for ten years thereafter. But, at the end of ten years, they may be abrogated, after a notice of two years by either party.

The "apology" of Great Britain is somewhat mild; but, as the "regret" is the basis of the subsequent action, and the whole treaty hinges on the presumption of a wrong done, which is to be corrected and atoned for, the connection in which it stands makes it sufficiently significant. It is in these words:

"Whereas differences have arisen between the government of the United States and the government of Her Britanic Majesty, and still exist, growing out of the acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise to the claims generally known as the Alabama claims; and whereas *Her Britanic Majesty has authorized her High Commissioners and Plenipotentiaries to express in a friendly spirit, the regret felt by Her Majesty's government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the Alabama and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels*; now, in order to remove and adjust all complaints and claims on the part of the United States," &c., &c.

It will be observed that the *escape* of the piratical vessels and the *damage which they inflicted on us* are both "regretted," and that the object of the Convention is declared to be to remove the complaints arising out of the depredations thus regretted, and to adjust the claims thus arising.

The language is not very demonstrative, but it covers the ground completely, and is a generous and satisfactory avowal of an error, and of a desire to rectify it. After providing for the tribunal of arbitration, the treaty goes on to make three rules which are deemed to be just and proper in regulating intercourse between friendly nations. These rules are stated not to have been in force when the *Alabama* escaped; but as they are just and fair, and ought to govern the conduct of nations in similar circumstances, they are made retro-active, and it is provided that the arbitrators shall be governed by them in the adjustment of these differences.

In all this, and the whole spirit of the treaty there is a candor and fairness shown on both sides very unusual in diplomatic negotiations and which cannot fail to have its effect on the future action of civilized nations.

The current reports that all the conditions of the treaty, and even the exact phraseology, were telegraphed to the English government and fully assented to has the authority of the President to sustain it, and the favorable official action of the British government is now expected every day. But the treaty, as signed, was not carried out by Minister Schenck or the commissioners. The steamer sailed a day before it was confirmed and was not detained, as I wrote you it would be. This fact will necessarily occasion a little delay.

Yesterday we had a foolish dispatch, dated at Berlin, that King William had decided in favor of our claim to the San Juan Island. Of course such a dispatch must have been printed without the knowledge of the managing editor, as every intelligent man must know that a case so important would not be decided before the treaty was duly ratified, or time allowed for the presentation of evidence.

The President has taken some positive action in the matter of civil service. It will be remembered that Congress, not being able to come to any agreement on this reform, referred it to the President with power. In pursuance of the trust thus reposed in him he has appointed Geo. W Curtis, of New York (Journalist) Alex. G Cattell of New York, (late Senator) Joseph Medill (Editor Chicago Tribune) Dawson A. Walker of Pa. (Politician) and E. B. Elliot, Jos. Blackburn and David C. Cox (clerks now in Washington) a board to prescribe rules and carry them into effect, for the regulation of the civil service and the restriction of admission thereto.

The bold invasion of Mr. Cheney's church by the younger Tyng makes a sensation here and talk of an open split in the Episcopal Church is revived. It is known, I suppose, that Secretary Delano, the Cooks, and a strong and able wing of the Episcopal Church in this city take very decided ground with Mr. Cheney and his rebellious followers, and that, if the quarrel is pushed, as it certainly will be, the result must be a separation into two parts.

It is four weeks to-day since we have had any rain to wet the earth, in the northern part of the city.

BUCKEYE.

A SHOWER—THE "NEW DEPARTURE"—MR. CORCORAN—GOV. ORR—STRIKES—CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

WASHINGTON, June 8, 1871

A smart shower yesterday afternoon is the thing of chief interest to us, as in the northern portion of the city no such thing has been seen for four weeks. This morning the dust has disappeared, the streets are washed clean and the air is full of the aroma of refreshed vegetation.

The BLADE brings the Democratic platform in full, which has made such a stir among the politicians. Nasby's letter touches the tender point of the resolutions and is a capital hit. But, sincere or insincere, I rejoice at this deliverance, and regard it as the first real step of the Democracy to get away from the disgraceful position which it held during and since the war. Undoubtedly the object is to open the way to victory, but whatever the motive the record is patriotic and right, and the effect cannot fail to be salutary.

The South has been cherishing a hope that, through the Democracy of the North, they would ultimately achieve the restoration of the "lost cause" and bring back the government to a recognition of white ascendancy in the South. The Blair programme was in harmony with this idea, and, for a time, threatened the peace of the Union; but the position of Ohio is a stumbling block to the faction that would destroy liberty for the sake of personal ambition and makes that programme hopeless. Well, "let us have peace."

That portion of the platform which deals with other questions of governmental policy seems to have been made doubly mean and malignant as a set off to the "new departure" concessions, and is devoid alike of decency and statesmanship. It is not wonderful, therefore, that people should suspect the sincerity of one part of the platform, when it contrasts so strangely with all the rest, and should infer that it was put in to cover some sinister purpose. But the signs of the times indicate that the Democracy will be saved from the burden of shaping the policy of the country for some years to come.

The *Patriot*, the new Democratic paper established in this city, gives its right hand to the "new departure" policy.

On the other hand most of the old line leaders shake their heads and declare that the Democratic party can never cordially endorse the amendments.

The recent speech of Jefferson Davis in Alabama, so largely commented on by our Northern papers, meets with a warm eulogium throughout the South, and is, evidently, very acceptable and soothing to the feelings of the rebels.

The Bowen bigamy case resulted several days ago in the conviction of the accused. Mr. Bowen lives in a handsome style in Washington, and was a member of the last Congress from South Carolina. Like Henry the Eighth, his taste is strong for a variety.

Mr. Corcoran is slowly recovering his health, and he has been able to take an airing in his carriage. His complete restoration is now expected, though he is still very weak.

The election of a Democratic Governor in New Hampshire makes the Republicans here hang their heads.

The *Polaris*, Capt. Hall's vessel of exploration, has been detained, but will sail for New York to-day.

Gov. Orr, of South Carolina, was before the "Outrage Committee" yesterday, and gave a very candid statement as to the condition of things in his State. He said there were no Ku Klux in his portion of the State, but there was no doubt of their existence, and that their object was to control the negro vote. He said there was bad government and corruption in the legislature, but the people were greatly to blame for it, as they had refused to participate in the elections, and had left public affairs mainly in the hands of the negroes. He thought that things were improving.

Our new government is going through the ordeal of labor strikes, the end of which has not yet been reached. The strikers are all colored men, and as they helped to make the government, they understand that they can compel it to come to their terms; and I think they can.

The attempt of the President to begin a civil service reform meets with decided objections from the democracy, who don't like the board as a whole, and especially don't like Curtis or Medill in particular. They want a "new departure" with an entire set of first-class Democratic managers, who will turn out all Republicans and install the men who were lately trying to cut the nation's throat. They would favor any civil service reform which would reform them into their old places. BUCKEYE.

Letter from England.

ESSEX ST., NORWICH, ENGLAND, May, 1871.

EDITORS OF TOLEDO BLADE:—DEAR SIRS:—As a constant reader of the BLADE, I take the liberty of addressing you. First, I would thank you for the large amount of information you have given to those seeking homes in the west, and I assure you, I am looking forward with great interest for Mr. MILLER's letters during his tour of observation. Having been a resident of Massachusetts for five years, and am now agent for two lines of steamers, I am often asked for advice as to the best places to locate in the West, and it is truly astonishing what great interest everything connected with your Great Republic, is regarded by the great mass of the people of this country. Although this city is in the eastern part of the country and generally the people are very stationary, yet almost every family seems to have some of their kindred among your people. I find also that those who go to the states are mostly of the more prudent portions of society. I mean by that, men, who, instead of spending their money for beer and tobacco, save it until they have enough to pay their passage from this crowded little Island to your vast continent, where honest, careful men have a better prospect before them than here. I assure you the condition of the laboring classes here is deplorable in the extreme. As Lord Derby remarked at a late meeting in London. "I do not wonder so many people emigrate, but I do wonder there are not more who do." "But," he says, "as the people become more enlightened the exodus from these shores will be greater than ever." But the great difficulty is in getting the money to cross the ocean. And it seems to me that the only remedy for the poverty and distress here is emigration to Canada or the States, get a farm, and become an owner as well as tiller of the soil.

But I must not forget my old friend P. V. Nasby. Truly his life has been a chequered one since the close of the late "unpleasantness." His late experience in New York will, I hope, teach him a lesson. My advice is, quit politics and go to preaching again.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED CANHAM

Insurance Department

A gentleman in St. Louis, named Hone, is reported to have insurance on his life to the amount of $400,000.

Chicago seems to be well cared for by the Underwriters. It has seven local Life Companies, seventeen local Fire Companies, sixty-five Life agencies and ninety Fire agencies; in all, 179 companies competing for business.

The International Life of Chicago, has sheltered its policy holders under the reinsuring wings of the Republic Life, and has gone out of business. Several more of the infantile life companies might very properly go and do likewise.

They are getting up a company in New York to loan money on Life Insurance Policies. But as these transactions would necessitate the transfer of the policies to the loaner, and as life companies would probably object to complications of this sort, it is doubtful if the new thing will work.

A former resident of New Haven, now residing in the South, insured his life a few days since for $250,000, taking but one policy for the which. Getting insured was sensible enough, but the rest of it looks like putting too many eggs in one basket.

A verdict was rendered in the United States Court, at Boston, on June 3, in favor of one ELWELL F. HAYES for $11,400 30; being the full amount of a life policy in the Phoenix Mutual, of Hartford. The Company defended on the ground that JOHN E. HAYES, the insured, had died from injuries received in an assault to which he had been a victim previous to the insurance; the fact of such injuries being withheld from the company when the application was made. Deceased was editor of the Savannah *Republican* and, the policy was in favor of his mother.

The cash receipts of 168 fire and marine companies and 71 life companies, reporting to the New York insurance department were, for the year 1870, more than *two hundred and sixty million dollars*. This is exclusive of the receipts of mutual fire insurance companies. When it is remembered that there are some 25 or 30 life companies and at least 250 fire and marine companies, (stock and mutual) which do not report to this one department some idea may be formed of the immensity of the insurance interests of the country. Probably, if the figures were accessible, we would find the annual receipts of all the companies equaling $500,000,000.

Underwriters are beginning to recognize the merits of Babcock's Fire Extinguisher, by requiring that a supply of this useful machine shall be kept on hand by parties whose business is of the sort known as specially hazardous—such as flouring mills, etc. It would be a sensible move on the part of insurance companies to go a little further and make a reduction of premium in any case where these Extinguishers are introduced. For even a dwelling is partially guaranteed against damage from fire by having the means of instant extinction always at hand. We notice that several million dollars are claimed to have already been saved by the use of this apparatus in the West alone.

When the Home of New Haven went skyward, or downward, whichever it was, some of its agents at the West were honest enough to transfer into good companies the policies of their customers. This was simply fair, in view of the fact that agents generally issue policies on the strength of a customer's confidence in *their* personal trustworthiness. There will be a chance for more of this kind of honesty if the agents and directors of the Chicago Lamar can only see it in that light. But "like master like man" is a proverb that pretty generally applies to Companies and their agents, and so we are not sanguine as regards the Lamar victims. There is one rule that works both ways, thusly: An agent is known by the company he keeps, and a company is known by the agents it keeps.

We learn that the Presidents of a large number of Companies in New York have lately written personal letters to Superintendent MILLER, expressing the detestation with which all decent men regard the efforts of a disreputable insurance publisher to injure that officer. This is all very well, so far as it goes; but we apprehend that Superintendent MILLER is not a man who is likely to be caught by that kind of chaff. We should suppose that a more suitable, as well as more effective method of punishing the scoundrel would have suggested itself to these well-meaning Presidents, namely: the practical demonstration of their disapproval in an immediate summary withdrawal of their patronage. But that is a fate which perhaps it is better to hold in reserve for the offender than to instantly apply. To kill a skunk is a process which requires patience as well as perseverence.

The directors of a Brooklyn bank, which failed miserably a few months ago, were recently sued by a victimized creditor with a view to test their personal liability for the results of their bad management and deception. As they were shown to have been cognizant of the bank's failing condition without having interfered to prevent the public from being deceived and robbed, the verdict went against them. This is an important decision, when applied to certain insurance companies, whose directors, by incompetency, ignorance or worse, allow the policy holders to become victims by their misplaced confidence in respectable names. It is asserted by a Boston paper that a suit is proposed against the directors of that arrant fraud, the Home of New Haven, by way of discouraging reputable men from publicly endorsing concerns which they have opportunity to know are hollow and worthless shams.

EDITOR OF THE TOLEDO BLADE:—YOUR enterprise in devoting a weekly column to insurance matters is quite sure to be appreciated by the people. We have been kept long enough in the dark about the condition and transactions of these great corporations, or, on the other hand, have suffered sufficiently from the deceptions and whitewashings of the so-called insurance press. Let us have light—have strong light brought to bear upon the whole question; give us prompt and trustworthy information about the *modus operandi* of these candidates for our confidence. Tell us which of the companies are sound, which doubtful or improperly managed, and which are on the sure road to the bad. These are the things the people want information about, and if you have the courage to furnish it you will do the subscribers of the BLADE a service which no paper in this country, or anywhere else, pretends even to do. Never mind the companies. Your 20,000 subscribers and 500,000 readers are of more account (or should be,) than all the soulless companies in christendom. So, go on with the work you have begun without allowing yourselves to be deterred by either fear or favor.

A POLICYHOLDER.

CLEVELAND, June 7, 1870

[Much gratified to find a Cleveland party so appreciative. Will take his advice, because that's just the programme we had already marked out for ourselves in the matter. We intend that there shall be one paper at least in the country, which will tell the *people* the truth on insurance topics.—EDS. TOLEDO BLADE.]

QUINCY, Ills., June 9, 1871.

EDITOR OF THE BLADE:—I was struck with the notice you gave a week or two ago respecting that exploded life insurance company, the Great Western of New York. If it was possible for the editors to keep up a sham of respectability and soundness to *the very last*, and then, when the bubble was pricked, turn out so utterly hollow and noisome, is it not equally among the possibilities, that there are other just such sensations in store for unsuspicious policy holders? How are we to know which are which, and whole who, where all combine to make a raid on us, and the insurance papers keep playing one tune in their praise? If you propose to take the public's part against those who operate on their credulity, well and good; for we need truthful statements and prompt protection. But if you are going to follow the fashion set by most insurance papers (which are virtually owned by the companies themselves), we may as well give up in despair, for the sophisms of truth are not wafted from that quarter.

Ventilation is a fine thing, in a financial as well as a sanitary point of view, and you will be doing a vast public service in ventilating the insurance slums and cesspools which, few though they may be, are making people sick of the word 'insurance.'

A VICTIM.

[We will say in reply to the above that this column is intended to be conducted for the benefit of the people, and not in the interest of swindling or untrustworthy insurance schemers. As the BLADE is not dependent upon the companies for its support, (as all but one or two of the insurance papers notoriously are), we can call our souls our own and say just what we think right. —ED. TOLEDO BLADE.

There are twenty-two leading citizens of New York whose lives are insured in the aggregate for $3,930,000 or an average of about $180,000 each. If the very rich consider life insurance so good an investment as to be willing to put $10,000 or $15,000 a year apiece into it, is it not likely to prove profitable for men who can spare $500 a year or less?

Here is some sensible advice which may be useful to those of our readers who, convinced of the advantages and the duty of life insurance, are pondering the equally important question: Where shall I insure?

"If the office is *established*, no difficulty need be experienced in ascertaining how it has acted toward its members. Has it invariably kept them in the dark in reference to its affairs? Does it hold its meetings with closed doors, that it may effectually conceal the condition of its business? Has it dealt honorably with embarrassed members, and been governed in its settlement of claims by the spirit rather than by the letter of the insurance contract? If the answers to these interrogatories be not satisfactory, look a little further. Scan closely its published accounts. Mark what proportion its realized capital bears to its age and its income. Should you discover, as perhaps you will, that an office boasts of its position as the result of years of business, without being able to show invested means equal to a year's income, set that office down as tottering, and therefore undesirable as the ague. If subscribed capital, premiums, and all have been expended in providing gilt gingerbread incident to a start, direct your steps to more economical quarters. Begin next to look for genteel professional tricks. Remember that an English Railway king descended to the kitchen to cook accounts, and that life insurance luminaries may be tempted to imitate his example. A gridiron is not a vulgar thing, when handled with kid gloves. *Look out, then, for cooking.* It may be that five years' mortality is made to look like six, for the purpose of establishing credit for care and good fortune in selection. It may be that the present value of the 'charge on loading has been capitalized, as well as the present value of the net premium, without also capitalizing the present value of the future expenses. Mistrust all mystery, all wise winks and sagacious shakes, and rest not satisfied till you discover an office whose balance-sheet and mode of dealing accord with your ideas, as a common-place business man."

We might add a word of caution, here, against all co-operative schemes, every one of which is an exemplification of the features so pointedly aimed at above. As patterns of quackery and "cookery," they are the scandal of the age. Their effrontery is brazen; their promises empty air; and their paraded funds the most unreal and unrealizable of assets.—*The Hearthstone.*

The *Hartford Courant* tells a good deal of truth in these few lines: "The interests of those (insurance) corporations, and that of the people at large, are to a great extent identical. It is the people who own the stock and purchase the policies. The intense competition between companies, as in other kinds of business, keeps the cost price down within a moderate and reasonable limit. Companies cannot pay out more than they receive—they cannot produce money—insurance is a commodity that necessarily costs money. Therefore it is always safe to be suspicious of a company or agent who promises to give something for nothing. *Whatever adds to the actual cost of insurance, whether it be incendiarism and hazardous exposure in fire insurance, excessive mortality or extravagance in life insurance, or onerous taxation and exorbitant license fees on both, must ultimately come out of the pockets of the people.*"

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Unveiling the Morse Statue—The Celebration at the Academy of Music—The first Telegraphic Instrument—Prof. Morse Signs a Message—Replies from the Chief Cities—Ninety Feet of Names to an Address—Prof. Morse Relates his early Struggles.

NEW YORK, June 10.—The unveiling of the statue of Prof. Morse at Central Park, took place this evening. All the approaches to the statue were crowded, and it is estimated that at least 50,000 people were within twenty yards of the speaker's stand. Gov. Hoffman presided. The ceremonies began with music by the United States band from Fort Columbia, and the Governor delivered a brief address.

The event of the hour, the unveiling of the statue, was performed by Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, and Hon. Wm. Orton, who raised the national banner from it, disclosing the figure of the "Lightning Controller." Music and cheers greeted its appearance, and when they had subsided the inaugural address was pronounced by William Cullen Bryant.

The Prof. Morse celebration at the Academy of Music last evening was a most brilliant affair. Seldom has so large a crowd filled the Academy. The stage was occupied by telegraph operators from all parts of the United States, who have come here to take part in the ceremonies. Among those on the platform were Captain B. Richardson, of San Francisco, and J. H. McChesney. Hon. Wm. Orton presided, and the Vice Presidents were 78 in number.

As the United States army band of Fort Columbia struck up a lively air, the venerable Professor Morse entered, surrounded by a troop of friends, and was greeted with applause from the entire audience. The proceedings opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Crosby, Chancellor of the University of New York.

Hon. Wm. Orton spoke of the trials and struggles of the poor inventor who had at last succeeded in establishing telegraphy.

Dr. Geo. B. Loring spoke of international telegraphic communication, after which G. W. Sampson, D. D., read an interesting paper on telegraphic literature and journalism.

At 9 o'clock the Fellgh instrument, one of those first used on the line between Baltimore and Washington was laid on the table in front of the platform, and the lines being connected with all the principal cities and towns in the United States, the following message was transmitted by Miss Sadie E. Cornwell:

"Greeting and thanks to the telegraphic fraternity throughout the world. Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth and good will toward men."

Professor Morse then seated himself at the table and, amid tumultuous applause, manipulated his signature to the message.

The Hon. Wm. Orton remarked that: The father of telegraphy sends his benediction to his children.

Gen. Banks spoke of the telegraph as an instrument of war, and said the great commander, Napoleon, wanted but one thing—the secret developed by the great American whose name and achievements were honored today. He also pointed out the great advantages of the telegraph from the moment of the seizure and theft of Fort Sumter to the close of the war.

Replies were then read to the message from telegraph companies and operators in the chief cities in the United States and Canada. A reply in Spanish was also received from a telegraph company at Havana. A poetic reply was received from Chicago. John W. Watson's poem on telegraph was read by William H Pope. Rev. H M. Gallagher delivered an address on The Telegraph, Christianity and Civilization.

An address to Prof. Morse was then delivered by C. K. Walcot on behalf of telegraph operators of the United States, and an address to Prof. Morse, was produced and signed by 90 feet of printed names of telegraph employes.

An address on behalf of the lady telegraph operators was delivered by Jas. D. Reed.

Miss Antoinette Sterling sang "Auld Lang Syne."

Judge Daily delivered an address and introduced Prof. Morse. Prof. Morse made a long address, in which he related his early struggle to bring his invention into use, and mentioned gratefully the names of Congressmen who aided him. He also referred to the assistance derived from Alfred Vale, of Morristown, New Jersey.

The benedictory prayer was then given by Dr. Ormiston.

NEW YORK, June 12.—The President has been officially notified that the young Russian Grand Duke Alexis will visit this country about the first of September. The fleet which is to carry his Imperial Highness to these shores, will land at the port of New York. Several of the prominent citizens of the metropolis have undertaken to give a reception to the Royal visitor, in keeping with his high dignity and that of the Empire State.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

PARIS, June 9.—A decree ordering the supplementary elections to fill the vacant seats in the Assembly is expected tomorrow.

The Gazette de France says the Princes have promised not to take their seats as Deputies during the existence of the present Assembly, and not to allow their sons to become candidates.

It is almost certain that Prince Napoleon will run for the Assembly from Corsica.

The Opinion Nationale, in commenting on the action of the Assembly, warns the country of its sliding down an inclined plane into a monarchy. The other journals approve of yesterday's proceedings.

La France compares the speech of M. Thiers to the proclamation of Washington.

It is expected that the state of siege will cease in Paris on Monday.

FLORENCE, June 10.—It is officially announced that the capital of Italy will be transferred to Rome July 1st. The Chamber of Deputies has adopted the treaty of commerce with the United States.

PARIS, June 11.—The press expect that a strong effort will be made by the Bonapartists for the success of their party in the coming supplementary elections.

All the sacred vessels and valuable ornaments taken from the churches by the Communists have with a few exceptions been discovered in the mint and other places.

Alexander Dumas writes to the Paris Press denouncing the blind, clashing private ambition at Versailles. He praises President Thiers and advocates a continuance of the Republic, to which France always instinctively returns.

LONDON, June 10.—Paris papers still continue to uphold the administration and policy of President Thiers, and affirm that monarchy is synonymous with revolution. They also appear to think that supplementary elections may possibly change the majority in the Assembly.

PARIS, June 12.—The resignation of Favre, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Valentine as Prefect of the Seine, are reported to have been tendered to Thiers.

Marshal MacMahon has refused to become a candidate for the Assembly from one of the vacant Districts of Paris.

French prisoners are rapidly returning from Germany.

The German forces have commenced evacuating the department of the Lower Seine.

Paris is already crowded with returning citizens and strangers.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Our Young Folks.

KITTY'S CAT.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Kitty's cat has fresh blue ribbon
Knotted on its throat of snow;
Mine has but a dingy fragment,
Though I love the creature so.

Kitty's cat has sunny corners,
Woolly rugs, where she may lie;
But no sunshine lights my window,
Nor a carpet soft save I.

Kitty's cat has dainty messes,
Food and drink, without a care;
My poor Trixy lives by mousing,
Up and down and everywhere.

Kitty's self wears pretty dresses,
Lives a careless lady fine;
Might, like gorgeous Cleopatra,
Drink up jewels in her wine.

I grow weary, stitching always,
Always, for my life, you see;
Attic room and counted cinders
Make up all of life to me.

Except for Trixy. Can you wonder
I am glad at night to know
Something—I should say *somebody*—
Waits for me, and tells me so?

So I bear no grudge to Kitty,
For the sunshine she has kept,
While about me closing, darker
Shadows still have closer kept,

Since we went to school together
Through the country lanes of bloom,
Ah! her pathway led to heirship,
Mine went by a double tomb.

So I bide in dusky garments,
Living as I can, and must;
Safe at least from heavy taxes,
Safe from moth and rudoy rust.

But—I wish I had a ribbon,
Quarts of milk, and woolly mat,
For old Trixy; so I'm jealous,
After all, of Kitty's cat.

What Jimmy Got from the Top of a Tree.

It was at a watering place—a country hotel, where there was a spring of horrible water, which tasted like—well I can't think of anything disagreeable enough to compare it to—where all this happened. It was at the end of the season, and the fall winds were beginning to blow, and most of the ladies and gentlemen, who had been spending the summer, enjoying the pure air and making believe to enjoy the horrible water, were expecting to depart in a day or two. On the particular afternoon of which I am writing, a large portion of the company were out on a lawn, and several of them had croquet mallets in their hands. But they were not playing. They were all gathered round a tall pine tree, which stood in one corner of the lawn. This tree had a very long, slender trunk, with a few branches almost at the very top. And on one of these branches there hung a lady's hat—a pretty little hat, trimmed with flowers and lace, with a blue veil, which was now wrapped around and around the branch. This hat had just been whirled from the head of the young lady who owned it, by a sudden gust of wind. This lady was very much annoyed by the accident.

"It's too bad," said she. "I am going home to-morrow, and that is the only hat I have to travel in. And I can't wait here until I can send to the city for another."

Some one suggested a bonnet to go home in.

"No," said she. "I don't want to travel in a bonnet, or a straw flat, either. Can't somebody get my hat down?"

"Look here, boys," cried one of the gentlemen, to some of the waiters, who were just coming out of the house, "I'll give a dollar to any one who will get that hat."

The waiters then came down to the tree, and one of them started to climb it. But he found it a hard job. The bark was smooth, for a pine tree, and by the time he had gone up fifteen or twenty feet he was glad to slide down again. The gentleman now doubled his offer and another tried, and another, but neither climbed as high as the first man. Then another gentleman added two dollars to the prize, and more waiters came, and also boys from the hotel and the neighborhood, and they all tried, and all failed. By this time there was quite a lively crowd around the tree, and a young man in a red neck-tie said it was real jolly—ever so much better than croque. Then three more gentlemen added two dollars each to the prize, and the excitement became intense. Everybody, who could climb at all, tried the tree, but no one got one-third of the way up. Then, as it was necessary to keep up the fun, and his money seemed very safe, the young man in the red neck-tie offered five dollars more. And just at this moment Jimmy Clarke came running down to see what was the matter. Jimmy was about eleven years old, a bright, smart fellow, and as active as a cat. His mother was a widow, who lived on a very little farm, about half a mile from the hotel. When Jimmy saw what had happened, and that fifteen dollars was offered for the recovery of the hat, his eyes sparkled. He was a reading boy, and he remembered what he read, and it now flashed across his mind that the savages in the Pacific islands climbed higher and smoother trees than that. And what is more, he knew how they did it.

Without saying a word, he turned, and ran for the woods as fast as his legs would carry him. In a very few minutes he returned, carrying a piece of grape-vine about half an inch thick, and five or six feet long. With this in his hands he bounded into the crowd at the foot of the tree.

"Is it fifteen dollars," he cried, "for any one who gets that hat?"

"It was fifteen dollars," said an elderly gentleman who stood near the tree, "but now it has gone up to twenty. Can you climb that tree, my boy?"

"I am going to try, sir," said Jimmy.

"Very well, then," said the gentleman, "the money is yours if you succeed."

Jimmy now stepped up to the tree, and holding the grape-vine horizontally before him, placed the center of it against the trunk. He then wrapped the vine once around the tree, and bringing the ends back to him, took one in each hand. He then loosened the vine a little and pushed it up the tree as far as he could reach. Now, holding tightly to the ends, he drew himself up. The vine firmly bound around the tree by his weight, did not slip an inch. This was the way he had read the savages climbed tall trees. When he had thus drawn himself up, he wound his legs around the tree and held fast until he had loosened the vine and pushed it up again. And so, foot by foot, he went steadily up that tall tree. It was terribly tiresome work, and he stopped to rest several times, but at last he reached the branches. Grasping the lower one, he drew himself up, dropped his grape-vine, and, seating himself on the branch, rested for several minutes. Then he climbed up to the hat, disengaged it, and threw it down. As the hat, with its beautiful blue veil, came floating down, a tremendous cheer arose from the people on the ground; but, fortunately Jimmy was not startled by it. After resting a short time, he came down the tree. He could slip gradually down, without any grape-vine. As soon as he reached the ground every body clustered around him, and the elderly gentleman who had collected the money, handed him the twenty dollars.

"Now, my lad," said he, "I hope you will make a good use of this."

"You may be sure of that, sir," said the landlord of the hotel. "I know Jimmy, and he'll give it to his mother."

As for Jimmy, he thanked the company, and hurried away. But not home. Early in the summer, his mother's only hog—an animal on which she depended for much of her living during the winter—had died. Jimmy knew that nothing would please her so much as another hog, and so he went to farmer Peters, who he knew had hogs for sale, to buy her one. About an hour before supper-time he appeared before his mother's door, driving a fine lazy porker.

"Why, whose hog is that?" said she.

"It's yours, mother; and I climbed up a tree after it," said Jimmy.

When the story was told, his mother was delighted; and all that winter, when they had hams, and spare-ribs, and pork-and-beans, and sausages, and lard, and hogs-head cheese and scrapple, and pickled pig's feet, and all the other things that can be made out of a fine fat hog, Jimmy was very glad that he had remembered how the savages in the Pacific islands climbed tall trees.—*Hearth and Home.*

Our Dog in Church

He was a little flustered on first entering the chapel—so many people there, and all sitting so quietly. In this there was something awsome for Our Dog, and when out of this unnatural quiet they rose suddenly to sing, Our Dog was frightened, and would have run out of doors, only the doors were closed. He soon recovered himself. They were only folks, after all—such as he saw every day in street and house.

He began to recognize one after another. He tried to get up a little sociability with them, but they took little or no notice of him. Everybody seemed strangely constrained and altered. Our Dog is a pet, and this cut him. But his is a self-reliant, recuperative nature, so he threw himself on his own resources for amusement. He was delightfully ignorant of the proprieties of church or church service. The choir is separated from the congregation only by a slightly raised platform. On this walked Our Dog. Again there was singing. He first smelt of the organ; he then smelt of the organist, and wagged his tail at him. The organist looked with an amused and kindly eye, but he could not stop. Our Dog then smelt of the basso profundo; he smelt of the tenor; he smelt them first on one side and then on the other. Then he went back and re-smelt them all over again; also the organ. That was a little curious. There might be a chorus of dogs inside, and that man at the keys tormenting them. To him, at any rate, it was not melody. He walked around and smelt at every crack and corner, to get at the mystery. He tried to coax a little familiarity out of that choir. They seemed to be having a good time; of course he wanted to have a hand or a paw in it himself. It was of no use. He stood and looked, and wagged his white, bushy tail at them as hard as he could. But, selfishly, they kept all their pleasure to themselves. So he left the choir and came down again among the congregation. There, sure enough, were two little girls on the back seat. He knew them; he had enjoyed many a romp with them. Just the thing! Up he jumped with his paws on that back seat; yet even they were in no humor for play. They pushed him away, and looked at each other as if to say, "Did you ever see such conduct in church?"

It was rebuff everywhere. Our Dog would look closer into this matter. The congregation were all standing up. So he walked to the open end of a pew, jumped on it and behind the people's backs, and walked to get in front of the little girls, that he might have an explanation with them. Just then the hymn ceased. Everybody sat down with the subdued crash of silk and broadcloth. Everybody on that bench came near sitting on Our Dog. It was a terrible scramble to get out.

Still he kept employed. There was a line of chairs in the aisle. In one of these deliberately sat Our Dog. If everybody would do nothing but sit still and look at that man in the pulpit, so would he. But somehow he moved one hind leg inadvertently. It slipped over the chair's edge. Our Dog slipped over with it, and came as near tumbling as a being with four legs can. All this made noise and attracted attention. Little boys and girls and big boys and girls snickered and snorted and strained as only people can snicker, snort and strain where they ought not to. Even some of the elders made queer faces. The sexton then tried to put Our Dog out, but he had no idea of going. He had come with our folks, and he was not going until they went. The strange man grabbed for him, and he dodged him time and again with all his native grace and agility. This was soothing like; it was fun. The sexton gave up the chase; it was ruining the sermon. Our Dog was sorry to see him go and sit down; he looked at him, as if to say, "Well, ain't you going to try it again?"

No. No more of that. Nobody was doing anything save that man in the pulpit. Our Dog would go up and see what all that was about. So he marched up the main aisle, and as he did so he waved, in a majestic and patronizing sort of way, his bushy tail, and it seemed to say, "Well, you can sit here glum and silent if you've a mind to. I do no such thing. I'm a dog; I need none of your preaching; I'm superior to all that. Things go easy enough with me, without coming here once a week to sit silent, sad, melancholy and stupid, and be scolded at by a man whom you pay for it."

Then, in an innocent and touching ignorance that he was violating all the proprieties of time and place, Our Dog went boldly up on the pulpit stairs while our minister was preaching, and stood and surveyed the congregation. Indeed, he appropriated much of that congregation's attention to himself. He stood there and surveyed that audience with a confidence and assurance which, to a nervous and inexperienced speaker, would be better than gold or diamonds. He didn't care. He smelt of the minister. He thought he'd try and see if the latter were in a mood for any sociability. No; he was busier than any of the rest. The stupidity and silence of all this crowd of people who sat there and looked at him puzzled Our Dog.

He could see no sense in it. Some little boys and girls did smile as he stood there; seemingly, those smiles were for him. But so soon as he reciprocated the apparent attention, so soon as he made for them, the smiles would vanish, the faces become solemn. And so at last, with a yawn, Our Dog flung himself on the aisle floor, laid his head on his fore paws and counted over the beef bones he had buried during the last week. Not a word of the sermon touched him; it went clear over his head.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Kate and Patty

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

It was Christmas day, but Kate stood by the window, looking out on the falling snow with a very sober face.

"What is the matter, Kate?" asked auntie. "Why don't you play with your new doll?"

"I don't care for her now, auntie," Kate said slowly.

"Why not? I thought you liked her very much last night."

"So I did, but my doll has a china head and a crimson thibet dress; and I've seen Mary Grant's to-day, and it's ever so much prettier! She's a wax head, and she's dressed in blue silk. I don't like my dishes, either; I wanted gilt and white instead of flowered ones. And see, it's snowing, and I shan't get a ride to-day."

Aunty thought a few minutes.

"Katie dear, shall I tell you a little story I read last Christmas?"

Kate smiled. "Yes auntie, please."

"A little girl named Patty lived with her mother in a basement room—one room, Katie—in a large city. They were very poor, and the mother had to go out to work, leaving Patty alone a great deal. Christmas eve the poor woman was going home from work, looking in at the lighted store windows and wishing she could buy a gift for her little girl. She did not think of herself, though she shivered with cold. She was not going to have turkey or roast beef, pudding or pie, for dinner next day, but she said to herself they should not be hungry, and that was a great deal. They had bread and milk and potatoes. And she spent one bright penny—all she could spare—to get a stick of mint candy for Patty.

"But as she walked along she saw something white on the pavement. She stooped and picked up a piece of clay-pipe—only a *piece*, Katie! You don't know how pleased she was. Home she went with a cheerful heart, and when the little girl was in bed and fast asleep, she slipped into her stocking the candy and broken pipe. Very early Patty awoke, and she fairly screamed for joy when she found them.

"For hours of that day she blew bubbles, happy as a bird. What would she have said, Katie, to *your* Christmas gifts?"

Kate looked ashamed. "I was not good, auntie," she said. "I don't deserve my pretty things."

Auntie kissed her, and she went to her play with a bright face, and kept it.—*Children's Hour.*

Catching a Turtle.

Once I caught a great turtle in a funny way—by the tail with my hands. I was in Minnesota, on a beautiful lake, in a row-boat, with a long line trailing from the stern, trolling for pickerel, and was pulling them in one after another—great fellows with wide mouths, and voracious jaws, that made the water fly when they took the hook. A young Norwegian was rowing the boat, and we were gliding gaily over the lake, when suddenly I saw something black floating on the water, and as we came nearer, discovered that it was a great turtle, taking a morning nap. He was lying on his back, but waked up suddenly, flopped over with his face downward, and made a dive for the bottom, then, as if only half awake, and not knowing what he was about, he rose slowly to the surface. I could see him rising. He was a monster—an old settler—so old that his back was all covered with green moss like the shingles on an old building that has braved the storms of a hundred years.

"We'll have him yet," I whispered to the boatman, who worked the oars noiselessly, and sent the boat stern foremost toward the spot. I looked down into the water and saw the old fellow slowly rising. Up—up—up—he came.

"One more stroke," I said, and the boat shoots ahead to the very spot. He is at the surface: I grab him by the tail, and lift with all my might. The boat goes over, but a quick backward spring saves it from turning bottom-side up. Another lift, and he is mine. He is in the boat, flopping and floundering. The boat is half filled with water, and the turtle is making at me with his jaws wide open, hissing, snapping, snarling, digging his great scaly claws into the side of the boat. The frightened Norwegian is dancing about the other end, ready to leap overboard. It is an exciting moment. Let the turtle but once get his jaws hold of my flesh, and it would take an iron bar to open them again.

He is making at me. I seize an oar, for defence. I must whirl him upon his back, and then I can master him. He bites the wood into splinters, in a twinkling. But at last I have him on his back, the oar upon him, the boat-chain around his legs, and so with our prisoner snapping and hissing me, work our way to the shore, and find, when we weigh him, that he is a forty-eight-pounder—one of the largest fresh-water turtles probably that ever were caught. That was fun worth having, and the eating in our camp at night was worth having also. And here let me give you a bit of advice in regard to turtle-catching—always grab them by the tail.—*Carleton.*

The New Haven *Journal* says that a gentleman of that place has invented a registering ballot-box. Its mechanism is very simple, but at the same time it secures the desired result. On the inner side of the box is a slide, which can be slipped back and forth so as to cover and uncover the hole turough which the ballots are put. When a voter hands up his ballot, and his right to vote has been ascertained by the check list, the slide is pulled back, leaving the hole open for the entry of the ticket. As the slide is pulled back it rings a small bell, and at the same time turns a small wheel, over which rolls a slip of paper. The outside of this paper has printed upon it figures from 0 to 20, and each time the slide is pulled the wheel registers the number of the vote, which number can be seen through a small hole in the box. When twenty votes have been registered, another wheel, below the first, registers 20 also, and then each 20 until the number 400 has been reached. By placing in a third wheel the number of 800 can be registered. In this way the total number of persons who have voted will be correctly registered by the wheels. It double voting has been effected it will be disclosed on the counting of the ballots.

A Boston paper, speaking of the death of Mrs. Field, mother of Miss Kate Field, says: She was the widow of Mr. J. M. Field, highly esteemed here both as an actor and a gentleman; and for some time she was herself on the stage, taking leading parts, and attaining a high degree of success in them. Estimable as a wife and as a mother; modest, gentle, affectionate, benevolent, tolerant, combining educated intelligence and good judgment with singular sweetness of disposition and grace of manners, she made friends as others made acquaintances, and her memory will be warmly cherished by all who had the happiness to know her, and to witness the fidelity with which she performed the duties of life. Mrs. Field was the sister of Mr. Edward Riddle, of Charlestown, whose sudden death, a few weeks ago, was so generally noticed in the press.

Fort Madison had a case of somnambulism the other day. A stranger at one of the hotels retired at an early hour to a room on the second floor. He hadn't slept long before he imagined that robbers and assassins had got after him. To escape them he leaped from the window of his room, taking sash and all with him. He landed on the roof of a one-story building, and fell from that to the ground. Strange to say, all this disturbance failed to arouse him; and it was not until spoken to by the landlord, who had gone around to see what the matter was, that he came to himself.

The *Academy* notices the recent account by Mr. J. T. Wheeler, of the ruin of Paghan, a Burmese city near the frontier of China, and destroyed by a Chinese army in the thirteenth century. This city extends for about eight miles along the banks of the river (Irawaddy) and two miles inland, and contains about a thousand temples of brick and stone, with towers, pagodas, strange carvings and sculptures richly painted and gilt, with countless images of Buddha, some of colossal size.

On the 6th inst., the citizens of Boston gave the Indian Chiefs a reception at Boston in the Tremont Temple. Gov. Claflin presided. Mayor Jaston made a speech. Little Brave and Buffalo Good aired their aboriginal eloquence through an interpreter.

Wit and Humor.

THE MYSTIFIED QUAKER.

BY FRANK CLIVE.

NEW YORK, 4th mo. 12th, 1871.

RESPECTED WIFE:—I write to thee again, in tribulation,
Concerning things that happened since my last communication—
Things showing, quite beyond a peradventure, a most serious
Predilection in this people for ways that are mysterious.

To some of their Satanic snares I had an introduction
On Broadway—fitly named thus, for it leadeth to destruction
Of those, like me, who walk therein in carnal ways unversed,
And fall a foolish prey, into the toils of the accursed.

I met a man, whose garments marked him as a bituright Friend,
In sore affliction, and he asked me if I wouldn't lend
Him fifty dollars wherewith to help his bitter need,
For his wife, out West, lay dying and had sent for him with speed!

He offered me, as surety, a watch worth twice as much—
Thee knows how "good collateral" my sympathy will touch—
And such was his extremity, he tearfully agreed
To send me "seventy five" for succoring a Friend in need!

I closed the bargain speedily, lest in an evil hour
He might meet with some Shylock, seeking whom he might devour!
Alas! That knave had stol'n our livery with which to cozen!
And stuff me with an "Oroide" worth a *dollar by the dozen!*

"O wretched, wretched fool!" thought I, "not to detect his lying!
What Quaker'd ever stand such *share*, no matter who was dying?!"
The shame of that miscarriage made my bowels fairly squirm,
And though I did not swear, I did most *solemnly* affirm!

Filled with disgust, in search of bed and board, I thence departed
And soon fell in with one who seemed plain, kind and single-hearted;
Who said he kept a boarding-house, in this vast den of sin,
Where many a simple stranger he had gladly taken in!

He took me down a flight of steps, into his dining room,
Where gaudy colors vexed mine eye and gas dispelled the gloom,
While maid servants, simply attired in tunics, to the knee,
Skipped nimbly to and fro among the boarders, with the tea!

Tea! Nay, 'twas not the cup that cheers, but vile and nauseous beer!
As I discovered by trial. Anon there smote mine ear
A strain of profane music, and I realized by *this* sign
That I'd fallen once again into the hands of the Philistine!

I rose, in wrathful majesty, and started for the door,
But one of the maid servants way-laid me there-before;
Though she speedily unloosed me when I roared in nasal tones
"Away! thou whited sepulchre! Thou'rt full of dead men's bones!"

Thee knows, though sinner may entice me, that I ne'er consent;
Besides, the boarders menaced me till forth I quickly went!
But, wife, thee can't imagine how the shock these old knees shook,
When I found that that maid servant had despoiled my pocket-book!

I tried, in vain, to get a little justice done *unto* me;
But all the boarders testified that she had not "gone *through*" me,
Which I, of course admitted, and thereby the case I lost!
And they took my watch and carpet bag to satisfy the cost!

Now, wife, thee go to friend John Dean and borrow twenty-five
Dollars to get me home again. Unless he can contrive
To loan it with usury, although I need it *now*,
Of a surety I would rather walt till thee can sell a cow

—*Buffalo Courier.*

The Deaf Aunt and Wife.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated towards my wise and ancient relation.

"My dear," said I to my wife on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She is very deaf; and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her stay agreeable."

Mrs. —— announced her determination to make herself heard if in her power.

I then went to John N——, who loves a joke as well as any person I know of, and told him to be at the house at 6 P. M. the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot with a carriage next night, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said:

"My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Annie (my wife) has, which I forgot to mention before. She is very deaf, and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I am very sorry for it."

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up—on the steps was my wife—in the window was John N——, with a face as utterly solemn as if he had buried his relatives that afternoon.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife—and the policeman on the opposite sidewalk started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," bawled my aunt, and the windows shook as with the fever and ague. I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could endure it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage and went into strong convulsions.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape; and there sat John with his face buried in his handkerchief.

Suddenly—"Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response in a war whoop, and the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it; when I was in the third story of the building I heard every word.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me:

"How loud your wife talks!"

I told her deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife, being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that she was getting along nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly:

"Alf, how very loud your aunt talks!"

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You are getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say." And I rather think she did.

Elated at their success at being understood, they went at it nammer and tongs till everything on the mantle-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking was injurious to my wife. So—

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not so musical as it was when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What!" said my aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle at the time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and looking around and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back par or, and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at right angles with his body, rolling from side to side, with his fist poked into his ribs, and a most agonizing expression of countenance, but uttering no sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think from the relative position of feet and heads, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must inevitably have ensued, if a horrible groan to suppress his risibility had not betrayed our hiding place.

In rushed my wife and aunt, who by this time comprehended the joke, and such a scolding as I then got I never got before, and I hope never to get again.

The "High Joint" Fox Hunt.

The Washington *Capitol* has a racy account of how the Joint High Commission were treated to a fox hunt—a real fox and real (carriage) horses having been provided for the occasion. The weather was bad, unfortunately. As a punning friend of our Washington correspondent remarked, "it continued to *reynard* (rain hard) all day." But the jovial fox-hunters managed to keep us wet within and without, and so staved off the influenza and rheumatism. On arriving at the residence of Mr. Suit, six miles from Washington, where the hunt was to take place, the hunters punched and lunched—the punches being hot, as the weather was "plaisted cold, you know." Then the party mounted, the fox turned out by the boy, and started with a vim, and the hounds let loose. The *Patriot* tells the tale of this lively dido:

"The fox, with great good taste, kept running round the baronial castle, and, as the hunters kept after him, it was hard to tell whether the hunters were chasing the fox or the fox chasing the hunters. As for the hounds, they unfortunately took after some Southdown mutton that they happened to see in a distant field, and they didn't get back for a week.

"The hunt continued round the house and the fox would undoubtedly have been caught, but for the singular and eccentric conduct of the horses. Whenever spurred to their noblest efforts, they would stop and kick, and several English noblemen, and all the members of the Joint High Commission, were sent sprawling upon the grass. We are pained to write that Earl de Grey's gallant steed, and General Schenck's carriage horse, fell down, and when the nobleman was set upon end, it was found that his aristocratic nose was severely skinned. When ex-Attorney General Hoar was thrown, he lost no time looking for his spectacles, but when found, he continued the chase on foot. Being somewhat bewildered, he turned and ran in the opposite direction of the hunt, and spoiled it all by meeting the fox instead of taking after him, as he ought to have done, like a genuine fox hunter. As it was, he nearly frightened the fox to death by making the animal believe that a low sort of stratagem had been resorted to instead of fair fox-hunting, such as he had been accostomed to.

"As it was, the animal headed off in this extraordinary way, took refuge in the stable-yard, and was about hiding himself in a hen-coop, when the Ex-Attorney-General caught it by the tail, found himself possessed of the bushy narrative, for the fox was so weak and exhausted that he let his tail go. All the gallant hunters rode up, and surrounding the Ex-Attorney-General, blew their tin horns while congratulating him upon securing the brush.

"After this there was more lunch, more hot toddy, and then all mounted and went off in search of another fox. There was no fox to be found, because Suit had only bought one. He said he had knowa that fool of a Yankee was going to put an end to the sport in that way, he would have had another fox, so as to have a real, good, long hunt."

A Stubborn Stripling.

Once upon a time, a big, strapping, awkward youth, fresh from the Green Mountain State, entered the Drummer's Academy at Bayfield, Mass., for a little share of the erudition that was doled out at this temple of Minerva at economical prices. At that time—we do not know how it is at present—the boys and the girls were kept in a department, only the middle aisle separating them. One day, this Vermont stripling, who had just been helping one of the girls through a hard sum (he was cute on ciphering), thought it no more than fair that he should take toll for his valuable services; accordingly he threw his stalwart arm around the rosy damsel and gave her a sly but rousing smack, which startled the whole school.

"Jedediah Tower, come right up here!" roared the preceptor.

The delinquent obeyed, his face glowing with blushes, like a red-hot warming pan, and looking as silly as a ninny.

"Hold out your hand, sir!" thundered the pedagogue. "I'll teach you to act thus in this institution."

The huge paw was extended in a horizontal line toward the instructor, who surveyed its broad surface with a mathematical eye, calculating how many strokes of his small ferule would suffice to cover the large number of square inches which it contained.

"Jedediah," at length, he said "this is the first time you have been called up for delinquency; now, sir, if you will say that you are sorry for what you have done, I will let you off this time without punishment."

"Sorry!" exclaimed the youngster, striking an attitude of pride and indignation, "sorry! No sir! I am not. I will do just so again, if I have the chance. So put it on, old fellow, just as hard as you like. By the jumping Jehoshaphat! I'd stand here and let you lick till kingdom come, before I'd be sorry for that, by thunder, I would."

A good joke is told of a little 4-year old fellow who, having disobeyed his father, was about to incur the penalty—a switching. The father deliberately prepared a rod, while his son stood a sad and silent spectator. As the parent approached to the unpleasant duty, the boy started at a brisk run toward a neighboring hill. The father pursued, and for a time the youngster increased the distance between them; but gradually his strength began to fail, and when he reached the hill and began to ascend he soon lost his vantage ground. Nearer and nearer the irate father approached, and just as the top of the hill was reached, and as he came within arm's length of the little fugitive, who was ready to fall from exhaustion, the boy quickly faced about, dropped upon the ground, and with an indescribable cast of countenance exclaimed: "Papa, that—makes a fellow blow—don't it?" This "changing of the subject" was so extremely ludicrous that the father laughed heartily over the strategy which his hopeful son exhibited, and the rod was not used.

Josh Billings says: "When a feller gits a goin' down hill, it duz seem ez tho' everything had been greased for the kashun."

Grace—"I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message?" Charlotte—"I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

A countryman, in a short discourse on love, says: "It does 'pear like the girls go half way, but it 'pears like a team of oxen couldn't draw 'em t'other half."

The Coldest Bath.

Boys don't always "come out ahead" in performing college tricks. Here is a good story of Jim Bradshaw's shower-bath that beats the "Turkish," and nearly every other kind:

When we were in Adams College, the president, who was a rigid disciplinarian, insisted that every student should be in the chapel on the ringing of the bell, at six o'clock, winter and summer. It was not so hard to do in the summer, but in winter it was an affliction to rise from a warm bed and plod through the snow, as they often had to do to attend morning prayers.

It occurred to Jim Bradshaw, after a jolly evening spent with some students, that he would freeze up the bell. "For," he argued, as he muddled over the matter, "if there's a bell there'll be no ring, and consequently—I'll freeze it up."

It was a bitter cold night, and he thought that if he could only *set* the bell, and fill it with water, it would freeze as hard as marble before morning.

His room was near the belfry; so he arose, and, without dressing himself, seized a bucket of water standing in his room, and started for the stairway. To raise the bell so that it stood upright, like a tumbler, and tie the rope to a baluster, was the work of a minute, and then he ascended to the belfry with his bucket of water to complete the experiment.

The midnight air blew keenly around him, and he shiveringly filled the bell, but chuckled at the trick he was playing the president. He started to come down, but just as he got beneath the scuttle, the rope by some means became loosed, the bell followed with a clang, and the whole of the intensely cold water poured down upon Bradshaw, who sneaked into his room with a cooler head than when he went out.

Not a Parallel Case.

On one of the marches of the army of the Potomac through Virginia, the horse of a well known chaplain of a New York regiment, "played out," and was left at the side of the road, soon after which the dominie espied a fine looking animal grazing in a field near the road. It required but a few minutes' time to transfer the saddle, etc., to his back, and mounting him, he was riding out on to the road, where he met a United States quartermaster, when the following colloquy followed:

"Where are you going with that horse?"

"Going with him? Why, I'm going to ride him, of course," said the chaplain.

"But you don't mean to say that you are going to steal him, do you?"

"Certainly not; but my own horse has given out, and we are in the enemy's country, and—"

"Oh, that's very well, but my duty as an A. Q. M., compels me to take possession of him; besides, I don't think it looks very well for a chaplain to be stealing a horse, if his own has given out."

"But, my dear sir," said the chaplain "don't you remember that on a certain occasion our Saviour commanded one of His disciples to saddle and bring him an ass, that he might ride into Jerusalem!"

"Yes, I know all about that, but this isn't a parallel case, sir; you hain't our Saviour, were not going to Jerusalem, and that animal hain't a jackass, so you can get right down off his back, just as quick as you please."

The argument of the quartermaster was too powerful, and an unconditional surrender of the same was at once made, and the poor parson had to jog along on foot as best he might.

A Colored Hubbist.

Even the Boston gentlemen of color participate with the white *savans* of the Hub in their lofty disdain of the talent of New York. A friend, happening to be caught in that city over Sunday, thought he would take a glimpse at some of the churches. Stepping inside the porch of an A 1 meeting-house, the sexton colored, approached respectfully and said: "Will you have a seat, Sah? Happy to show you one, Sah? Plenty seats till morning, Sah."

"No, thank you; can't stay but a moment; just stopped to glance at the church. What is the name of the clergyman?"

"That, Sah, is the Rev. Dr. ——."

"Fine preacher, isn't he?"

"Well, Sah, people has different notions 'bout preachers."

"But he seems quite animated?"

"Yes, Sah; consid'ble animated."

"And appears to have talent?"

"Well, Sah, as I said afo', people has such different notions 'bout preachers even Dar's some dat tinks he's mighty good on de words. I tink myself he's a fair man, Sah—He's a good man, Sah, a well-meanin' man, but not a talented man. He's a New York man, Sah!"—*Harper's Magazine for June.*

THE INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.—At a neighbor's house was a very bright little girl. It chanced once that they had for a guest a minister, and an esteemed friend.

Little Annie watched him very closely and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate.

"What are you doing, Annie?" asked the clergyman.

"I'se making your picture," said the child.

So the gentleman sat still, and she worked away earnestly for awhile. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original, and shook her little head.

"I tant like it much," she said. "'Taint a great deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it, and call it a dorg."

Fancy his feelings! What a likeness there must have been!

In a senior examination at Williams College a few years ago, a goodly company of D. D.'s *et id genus* being present, the special topic of the moment being "the right of property," and good Dr. Hopkins the questioner, little Fred. H. was called up.

Question—"How is the right of property acquired?"

Answer—"By discovery."

"In what other way?" No answer.

"Can't you think of some other way? How have most of *us* (with a gesture toward the company) acquired what little we have?"

The first of this brace of questions had evidently set Fred's mental machinery to work, and he had not fully taken the sense of the *last* when came the quick, emphatic reply:

"Oh yes! By *fraud!*"

It was clear at once, that "acquisition by labor" had found no place among Fred's ideas, and the sudden and audible smiling that followed, was by no means confined to the class.

AN INCONSOLABLE WIDOW.—There was a Dutchwoman whose husband, Dietrich Von Pronk, kicked the bucket and left her inconsolable. Folks said grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved that looked very much like her late husband, in order to be constantly reminded of her dear departed. In about half a year she became interested in a young shoemaker, who finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight, when the servants told her they were out of kindling wood, and asked what should be done. After a pause the widow replied in a very quiet way: "Maybe, it ish vell enough to split up old Von Pronk, vat ish up stairs."

"Modesty" asks us "What is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like champagne—if it don't pop itself, there is something wrong about it.

7-30 GOLD LOAN

OF THE

Northern Pacific Railroad

Rapid Progress of the Work.

The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last), is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Several thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed *266* miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running over *130* miles of finished road, and track-laying is rapidly progressing toward the eastern border of Dakota. Including its purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the Northern Pacific Company now has *413* miles of completed road, and by September next this will be increased to at least *560*.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. Jay Cooke & Co., are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommend, as a Profitable and perfectly Safe investment, the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have *30* years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than *8* per cent. currency) and are secured by first and only mortgage on the ENTIRE ROAD AND ITS EQUIPMENT, and also, as fast as the Road is completed, on

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☞

Farm and House.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from pasture,
Up and through the long, shady lane,
Where the quails whistle round in the wheat-fields
That are yellow with ripening grain,
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipp'd strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snow-drops
And the first crimson blush of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find out the dusky grapes purple
In the soft tinted October light,
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles in sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night-time all lulled in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great,
And from those brown handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of State,
The pen of the sage and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword and the chisel and the palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

MARY H. KNOX.

Management of Manures and Grass Lands.

Owing to the dry weather in this valley last fall, and in many other parts of the State, the wheat, though sown in good season, made but a very moderate start, before cold weather; and to this circumstance chiefly, are we to attribute the fact that the yield has been less than a full crop. Good farmers generally sow grass seed with their wheat in the fall, and add the clover seeds in the spring.—The dry fall was followed by a still more remarkably dry spring, and as a consequence, we have now on our wheat stubbles, less than half the grass and clover that ought to be there.

What shall we do? Many farmers will say—"let it go as it is." But this would be the worst possible economy. Better plow it and sow another crop of wheat, though we lose all the seeds sown last fall and spring. Nothing in our business is more important than a good, thick stand of grass. The meadows should always be made to produce two tons of hay to the acre, and the pastures should never be allowed to get "thin."

I intend in a few weeks, if the weather is not too dry, to sow my wheat stubbles over again, and harrow the seeds in. Grass seed should always be harrowed in or brushed, when it is practicable to do so. There is usually great loss in allowing the seed to remain on the surface, unless the ground is in a very mellow condition. Should there be moisture enough to make the sowing safe as early as the first to the middle of August, I will sow the clover and timothy together, but if it should not be so, I will sow the timothy in September, and the clover on the snow, in the spring.

After a good deal of experience and observation, I am satisfied that our chief reliance must be clover and timothy for seeding pastures and meadows. Blue grass is of great value—the best we have for permanent pasture, but in this valley it works in of itself, if the ground is in proper condition, as it does, indeed, on most of the good lands all over the State. It does not do well in a very stiff, undrained clay, nor on a light sandy soil. It flourishes best on a loam, (by which I mean clay, with an intermixture of sand) resting upon a limestone rock. This seems to be the character of the soil in the far famed blue-grass regions of Kentucky, with oxyd of iron, which gives it a dark red appearance.

A good deal is said in the papers about manuring grass lands, a practice that I am greatly in favor of, as being as profitable a method as we can adopt, and disposing of our barnyard manures. I would certainly apply it all, either to the grass or to the corn lands, and perhaps with land requiring a rotation of crops, better results are obtained by giving the manure to the grass, thus insuring a thick, stiff sod to plow under for the corn, which is more valuable on account of its mechanical effect in loosening a clay soil for a corn crop, than the direct application of barnyard manure. At what time should the manure be applied? A statement has been going the rounds of the papers in favor of making the application to meadows immediately after mowing. In England this is the common practice. With us, there are two objections to it, first, that we usually have not only very hot, but very dry weather in August and the first half of September, which must certainly cause the evaporation of much of the fertilizing matter from the manure thus spread upon the surface. And, because our summers are so hot and dry, it is not profitable to keep manure on hand until after harvest, to be thus spoiled.

But in England the case is entirely different—their summers are cool and moist, and their meadows after harvest, are usually coated with a luxuriant "aftermath," as fresh and green as our first crop of spring grass.

I conclude, therefore, that we have no way for it but to apply the manure to our grass lands in the fall, if we have been so unwise as to keep any over through the summer. But a better and cheaper way is to apply as we make it through the winter. Haul out on a sled or a wagon, and spread it as evenly as possible, as you unload it. There is no sense in throwing it off in heaps. By spreading from the load, there is not only a great saving of time, but the benefit to the land will be greater and more evenly distributed. Nor is there any loss sustained by leaving it spread upon the surface in the winter.

I have frequently tried this method, not only upon grass, but upon wheat, and have been surprised at its success in every instance; even long, green manure spread out on wheat in the winter, has always increased the crop.—*T. C. Jones, Delaware, O., in Ohio Farmer.*

Worms in Horses.

Worms of different kinds inhabit the intestines, but, except when they exist in great numbers they are not as hurtful as is generally supposed; the difficulty, however, is knowing when and how to remove them. The two principal kinds that are a source of trouble to horses, leaving out the bot, are the long white worm, *lumbricus teres*, and a small dark-colored worm called the needle worm, or *ascarides*. The former resembles the common earth worm; they are from six to ten inches in length and inhabit the smaller intestines. Many of these would consume more than can be spared of the nutritive part of the food, or the mucous of the bowels. A tight skin, rough, staring, hollow coat and tucked-up-belly, will frequently indicate their presence; a craving appetite—more or less emaciation—the passage of mucous with the feces, and very often a small portion of this remains outside the anus and dries there. When these symptoms appear observe the following:

Treatment—Take of tartar emetic one drachm; powdered ginger, one-half drachm; linseed meal, sufficient to make a ball with boiling water; one should be given every morning for a week, then dose of physic, linseed oil being the most proper. Let the stomach rest a week, then give another course of balls and dose of physic, after which let the horse have a drachm of powdered sulphate of iron twice a day with his food of corn.

Avoid both calomel and spirits of turpentine; as vermifuges they are popular fallacies, the former causing great derangement of the stomach and liver; and the latter often producing considerable inflammation after a single dose, it sufficiently large to cause the expulsion of the worms. Avoid also, all drastic purges.

The smaller species—*ascarides*—chiefly inhabit the rectum, but are occasionally found in the *colon* and *cæcum*. They produce irritation and uneasiness, but have not the same prejudicial effect on the health as the larger species. They are from one to two inches in length, and are sometimes called *thread worms*, as they are not unlike small sections of stout thread or cotton. The symptoms of these are indicated by the horse rubbing his tundament and tail, and from his occasionally voiding them in his excrement. The remedy for these is by injection every morning for a week, of a pint of linseed oil, containing two drachms of spirits turpentine. If not entirely removed, repeat after a few days' rest. This will kill and expel the worms. The sulphate of iron must be given also in this case, as before described.—*Turf, Field & Farm.*

The Prairies.

The Illinois correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "The mystery why the prairies are prairies seems to be slowly clearing up. The prairie fire hypothesis, that trees have been kept down by the annual burnings of the surface, is pretty well demolished, when the fact is stated that over the whole oak opening region of northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, fires have run and raged annually since (and nobody knows how long before) the country has been known to the whites. These fires were, before the settlement and fencing, so general and strong as to eat up all the dead and down timber, and so to dwarf the oaks, that whole uninhabited townships presented the appearance of vast orchards or parks laid down to grass. But the soil of this oak opening region is calcareous, having a sandy or gravelly subsoil, and therefore good drainage. Such also is the formation in almost every case where groves and bodies of timber occur in Illinois. To a very great extent the whole bare prairie region of Illinois is underlaid with an unpermeable blue clay. Timber in narrow fringes is found here along streams; but the river bed and slough courses afford a kind of halt drainage, which saves the trees. Settlement and cultivation broadens the area of the groves and widens the timber fringes along the creeks and rivers, because settlement and cultivation tames, drains and dries the land. Under the fostering care of man, trees will grow and flourish where the blue clay comes pretty near the surface; but let no one hope to succeed with orchards and new plantations even with thorough underdrainage, as another will on the natural timber soil without it.

The Cause of Smut.

At a recent meeting of the American Institute Farmers' Club, a question as to the cause of Smut was broached, when the Colorado Wolf said that it was a matter he had investigated a great deal and had experimented upon. He believes one cause to be constitutional defect or weakness in the seed; or that it may be caused by damage to the plant from frost, excessive wet or drouth in the course of development—in other words it is defective fecundation. Thinks all the acids and nostrums used to prevent smut have no other effect than to float off the faulty seed or kill the germ of the same so that it will not germinate; he has established the fact that proper stimulants and culture will cause weakened seed to produce good wheat free from smut, while the same seed sown with good seed and not stimulated, produced smutty wheat. Dr. Smith said Huxley attributed the cause of smut to a worm. Mr. Fuller said there were many causes. A worm might cause smut by affecting the development of the plant; but some plants attacked by the joint worm produced good seed. To say that a worm was the cause of all smut was nonsense. For this Fungus is produced in wheat when there are no worms. Mr. Wolf said blasted grains in corn and ergot in rye are produced by the same causes.

Cotton in California.

A Cotton Growers' and Manufacturing Association, with a capital of $500,000, divided into shares of $20, has recently been formed in San Francisco. The *Pacific Rural Press* says: The company proposes to form a sort of industrial colony where cotton growing forms the specialty, while a portion of the lands and labor will be devoted to raising whatever grain and provisions may be needed to supply the wants of the colony. A manufactory will also be erected to convert the raw material into fabrics on the spot. The experiments already made and in progress show that California presents decided advantages for the production of the ordinary grades of cotton over the Atlantic and Gulf States, and there is little ground for doubt that the enterprise now inaugurated will prove a complete success, and add largely to the aggregate of our desirable and wealth-creating home industries.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—The *Prairie Farmer* in answering the question how to destroy ants says: We have heard the following means of destroying ants proposed, but have never tested any of them. Procure a large course sponge; wash it well and press it dry, which will leave the cells quite open; then sprinkle it with white sugar, and place it near where the ants are troublesome. The ants will soon collect in the cells of the sponge, and it is only necessary to dip the sponge in boiling water to destroy them, when the sponge may be washed out and the trap set again. In the West Indies, where ants are very troublesome and numerous, they destroy them by the use of evanuret of potassium dissolved in water which is sprinkled on their nests. If this material is used it must be handled with the greatest care, as it is a most active poison. The dish in which it is dissolved should not be used for any other purpose till it is thoroughly cleansed from much water, which should be disposed of at a safe distance off. Some say that ants will forsake their old haunts if onions are planted near them. Others affirm that they cannot endure the smell of kerosene oil, and that they will go away if it is sprinkled about the place they frequent.

GALLED SHOULDERS.—The heat, sweat and dust, together with rough and badly fitting collars are very apt to make troublesome and painful sores upon the shoulders and neck, and it is not unfrequently the case that a valuable horse is disabled for weeks, and sometimes months, all from the want of a little care.

A collar never should be put on a plow horse in summer time, until it has been carefully rubbed, to remove every particle of grit or earth that may possibly have gathered there. After taking off the collar, in summer time, it is a good plan to bathe the shoulders in cold water, afterwards wiping them dry.

Be careful to have the collars fit the neck perfectly, not merely touching at top and bottom.

If the neck of a horse is already galled, bathe thrice a day with cold water, carefully removing loose hairs from the sore, and then apply an ointment made of sugar of lead, pulverize very fine, and rub this amount in a piece of tallow half as large as a hen's egg. Apply a small portion after each washing of the sore.

The same salve is excellent for scratches or sores of any kind, that are not of long standing.—*Exchange.*

The *Rural World* says of the Wheat crop in Wisconsin: The high temperature of March and April; the want of rain during these months—all tended to force the wheat to an early maturity. Harvest will commence from ten days to two weeks earlier than last year, or say from the 8th to the 12th of June. In some localities the chinch-bug has greatly damaged the crop, in others the Hessian fly has destroyed entire fields. Red rust on the foliage is almost universal, a field free from rust is the exception. South of here the Early May wheat was injured by frost while in bloom; all these drawbacks combined force upon us the conclusion as already stated, that the wheat crop will be below the average.

THE CANKER WORM.—A writer in the *Rural New Yorker* has this to say of the Canker worm:

The female moth has no wings; she must, therefore, crawl up the stems of the trees to lay her eggs thereon, and by adopting some plan that will prevent her ascent we may rid ourselves of this great pest. A band of cloth, or even stiff paper, put around the stems of the trees, and then covered with soft grafting wax, or tar, over which she cannot crawl without sticking fast, is an excellent trap. Of course the application of some such sticky substance must be frequently renewed, as it will get hard after a few days' exposure to the sun and wind. There is little use of fighting insects unless we are determined to conquer at the outset.

The Colorado Potato Bugs are crossing from Michigan to Canada. At last accounts the Detroit river was literally swarming with them. Those that could procure passage on chips, staves, boards, pieces of bark or other floating thing, did so. Those that were not thus fortunate entered boldly out into the raging stream, or resigned themselves to the mercy of the winds.

The Lake Shore Islanders are discussing the question as to whether the bugs can stand a swim of several miles and reach them.

To drive the Potato Bugs from his fields, a Russian gentleman living near Chicago takes fine pulverized, air slacked lime, commences at one end of the field and scatters it over the vines for the distance of about ten rods. In the course of the day, if the lime is applied in the morning, the bugs nearly all betake themselves further down the rows where no lime was scattered. The next day he scatters lime on the vines for a like distance, and thus continues day by day, till the bugs are driven on to a small area, when they are destroyed by Paris green or by other means.

The Memphis Avalanche says: For several days past, myriads of little black caterpillars have appeared in various sections in this vicinity. On the line of the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad, a few miles south of this city, they covered the railroad track to such an extent that the wheels of the railway trains refused to pass over them, but whirled around with such velocity that the train stood still. It is stated that a little lake or sheet of water some seven miles from the city, near Nonconnah, is literally swarming with caterpillars, which have been crowded into the water by force of numbers from the vast armies in the rear. The phenomenon is the most remarkable incident of the season, and none can account for the unexpected visit.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* gives the following as his mode of tanning sheep pelts. Immediately after the pelt is taken from the sheep, wash it in a strong solution of salt and soft water; tack it up where the sun may shine upon it for a few days. When sufficiently dried, take it down for use. To tan them so as to be quite soft and pliable, add salt petre and alum to the above solution. Do not let the pelt remain in the sun more than three days, when it should be taken and rubbed, and worked thoroughly.

The Veterinary man of the *Turf, Field and Farm* thus explains how to produce white feet in horses: Take a piece of esnaburg the size of the white on corresponding foot; spread it with warm pitch and apply it around the foot, tying it afterwards to keep it in the right position; let it remain on three days, by which time it will bring off the hair clean and make the skin a little tender; then take of elixir of vitriol a small quantity, anoint the parts two or three times; or, use a common weed called *asmari*, a small handful; bruise it and add to it about a half pint of water; use it as a wash until the soreness is removed, when the hair will grow out entirely white.

The Kansas *Farmer* says: The cause of sweeney is a strain, sometimes caused by working too large a collar. The best remedy I know of is a liniment made as follows: Oil origanum, one ounce; oil spike, one ounce; spirits ammonia, one ounce; alcohol, one ounce; sweet oil, one ounce; oil sassafras, one ounce. Mix, and apply once a day, well rubbed in.

For cracked or chapped teats, there is nothing better than the friar's balsam.

From a report lately published at St. Petersburg, by M. Morder, on the breeding of horses in Russia, it appears that the number of horse fairs held in 357 towns and villages, is 1,071 every year. The number of horses sold at these fairs is upwards of 300,000, at an average price of £9 each. The total number of horses in European Russia, amounts to 19,226,667, or one to every three inhabitants.

The receipts at the Albany Live Stock Market fell off for the week ending May 27, some $14,591, as compared with the one preceding. The receipts were some 6,100 head of good beef cattle. Milch cows were taken at prices from $50 to $90. Sheep were sold at 1½ lower for medium grades. Wm. Pratt sold 30 lambs at 9 cents a pound, live weight; they weighed at 46 lbs. each. Horses command ready prices, ranging from $100 to $900.

We learn from our exchanges that a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Michigan State Pomological Society and the Northern Agricultural and Mechanical Societies was held at Grand Rapids on May 26, when it was agreed to hold a grand union fair at Grand Rapids on September 12, 13, 14 and 15. Ten thousand dollars will be offered in premiums. Preparations are making to have this one of the largest fairs held in the West. The fruit exhibition will be very extensive.

The *American Stock Journal* says: We have cured several horses of lolling out the tongue, by putting red pepper on it whenever they put it out. Carry a paper in your pocket, and whenever the animal puts out the tongue give it a good cussing. Coating the bits with leather will cure some horses.

The tobacco dealers of St. Louis propose holding a fair in that city on Wednesday, June 21. Competition will be open to all the States, and premiums in cash to the amount of $2,000 are offered.

Mr. J. G. Goodrich, of Cobden, Ill., from the 4th to the 25th of May, realized $1,600 net, from the sale of strawberries grown on six acres of land. As he is still marketing berries from this field, he is confident that he will receive over $300 per acre above all expenses from this field. Four acres of this patch were set some years ago, and only two acres are new.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says Mr. Charles Kann, Jr., has sold his promising young trotting horse, George Bogen, Jr., to Mr. Robert Barker, of New York, for $3,500. Bogen is a shapely and well-bred animal, and trots low down in the thirties.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Cincinnati school teacher attempted to punish one of her scholars a few days ago, but, by a blow upon her head with his slate, he knocked her senseless.

John Haley, on trial at Mound City for the murder of Harrington, at Metropolis last spring, was on the 5th sentenced to the penitentiary for five years.

A well-to-do merchant living near Cairo has been arrested for endeavoring to starve his wife to death, so that he might marry his servant girl. The help is prettier than the wife.

Fred. M. Wilson, of St. Louis, committed suicide at the Overton Hotel, Memphis, on the 5th, by taking morphine. Pecuniary embarrassment is said to have been the cause.

The Mauston *Star* says that, on May 26, L. C. Babcock killed, near his farm in Lindina, seven young wolves. They were all in one den, and were evidently one litter. The old one could not be found.

A Mrs. Troast, living on a farm three miles northeast of Huntley, was instantly killed by lightning, on Monday last. Her husband, who was walking near her, was struck at the same time, and knocked senseless.

The receipts from the Internal Revenue sources of the first six days in the month of June of the present year, compared with the same time of June 1870, shows a falling off of nearly $5,000,000.

At Paris, Ontario, a stone abutment and iron girder bridge over the river Neath, three miles west of Paris, gave way last night, precipitating twenty-four freight cars into the river. No one hurt.

C. E. Chelars, of the firm of Morton & Chelars, committed suicide on the 5th by cutting his throat with a penknife, at Lagrange, Tenn. He was for several years clerk of the Worsham House in Memphis. The cause is unknown.

The Davenport *Gazette* says: "A Keokuk cow chewed $60 worth of whiskey stamps for a distiller. And now a long petition has been forwarded to Washington, demanding an office for the owner of the stamps. When a Keokukian loses a dollar he gets its equivalent from the government in some way."

A divorce fraud is in court at Boston, in which it is alleged that Samuel C. Jacques, recently divorced from his wife on the ground of adultery, achieved his object by inducing a woman to personate Mrs. Jacques and receive service of the legal papers, the real wife not being notified at all. Geo. H. Holden is under arrest as a party to the fraud. Jacques has absconded.

A man by the name of Prather was deputized as Constable the other day, to go to Sharp's Landing, in Schuyler county, Illinois, and arrest Hamlin Gilbert for selling whiskey without a license. Gilbert, after having been in custody a short time, tried to escape. Prather, having a shot-gun with him, fired on the fugitive, the shot taking effect in the face and head. Gilbert died almost immediately. Prather was arrested.

There is high official authority for denying the truth of various disquieting reports which gained currency to the effect that the War Department apprehends a general Indian war this summer; that serious differences of opinion and conflicts of authority have arisen between the Interior and War Departments in relation to the treatment of Indians, and that the subject of Indian affairs has occupied the attention of the Cabinet lately.

The members of the Northwestern Synod of the Reformed Church of the United States are holding a Convention at Cleveland. An interesting report was read by Prof. Muhlmeir in regard to the mission house of the Synod in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The report shows that the institution is in a flourishing condition. Thirty young men are now preparing for the ministry, and four were recently sent out as missionaries.

Notwithstanding the recent massacre of Indians at Camp Grant, all the chiefs and leading men have called on Lieut. Whitman to express their determination to live at peace with the government.—Lieutenant Whitman repeats his statement that the Indians had conducted themselves in a proper manner since they had been at that point, and had been furnished with nearly one hundred and fifty tons of hay.

The American Institute of Homœopathy held its initiatory levee on the occasion of its 28th anniversary, at Philadelphia, on the 5th, at the residence of the veteran homœopathist, Dr. Heming. A large number of ladies from all parts of the country were present and were hospitably entertained. The business sessions will commence on the 6th at 10 o'clock, in the Mercantile Library Hall. The Fraternity has prepared an extensive entertainment in the shape of levees, excursions on the river, park rides, banquets, receptions, &c.

Considerable ill-feeling exists between the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota in consequence of the Duluth canal imbroglio, the extradition of Mr. Smith, of Fairmont county, his conviction and sentence to the Wisconsin State Prison on a charge of horse stealing, and the late refusal of Governor Austin, of Minnesota, to surrender Benjamin K. Reynolds, of Blue Earth county, on a requisition of Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, and it is believed that the United States Supreme Court will soon be required to make a settlement of this interesting question of inter-State communication.

Grand Master Anthon, presiding over the Masonic Grand Lodge of New York, stated that he had recalled the commission of their representative to France, and that fraternal relations are impossible with French Masonry and other bodies showing its errors. The annual reports of various officers of the Grand Lodge of New York show the receipts of the past year to be $61,854; total receipts of hall and asylum fund to date, $45,872; and the number of members admitted to the Order in the State last year was 7,859. The Lodges have authorized the Secretary to erase from the rolls the names of members in arrears for dues.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

VERSAILLES, June 5.—The Assembly to-day presented an animated appearance. Many of the nobility occupied seats on the floor, and the galleries were crowded with spectators in anticipation of a debate on the right of the Orleans Princes to a seat in the house. Among the distinguished persons present were the Prince Metternich and nearly all the members of the Diplomatic Corps.

M. Thiers rose to move a postponement of the discussion. He said he had passed hours in consultation with the members of the committee having in charge the subject which now engaged the attention of the Assembly. The committee had acknowledged to him that it was impossible for them to come to an agreement to-day, and he had requested them not to hasten their deliberations. He said that he was very unwell, and begged that the Assembly would consent to the postponement of the consideration of the grave question at issue until Thursday. The committee, he said, favored a simultaneous decision on the verification of the election of the Orleans Princes and the abrogation of the decree of exile against them. The Assembly agreed to postponement.

PARIS, June 6.—A letter from M. Guizot, published to-day, advocates the validation of the elections to the Assembly of Duke D'Aumale and Prince de Joinville and the settlement of the form of Government for France, by a vote of the nation.

VERSAILLES, June 6.—The Official Journal announces the following appointments: Lambright, Minister of the Interior de la France; Minister of Agriculture, General Chasy, Minister of War, Leon Say, Prefect of the Seine, and Gen. Lefls, Ambassador to St. Petersburg.

The Official Journal also states that the time for holding supplementary elections has not yet been fixed.

Tranquility prevails throughout France.

The Constitutionel says: The first duty of the Assembly is to fill its own one hundred and twenty seats; next to assume constitutional power, and finally to order a plebiscite for the determination of the question of the future form of Government.

Schunalker, the murderer of Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas, has been arrested.

The trial of Rochefort and Assy has been postponed.

A fire has been discovered in the sewers of Paris, intended to blow up the city.

Gambetta is still in Sansebastin.

LONDON, June 6.—A special dispatch to the Times from Versailles says it is the intention of the Orleans Princes to decline the seats to which they have been elected in the Assembly.

M. Auguste Vernond, the well known radical journalist of Paris, is dead.

Members of the diplomatic corps are returning to Paris.

The French loan of one hundred millions of pounds is proposed.

The Times welcomes Minister Schenck to England.

VERSAILLES June 7.—Picard has been appointed Governor of the Bank of France.

Rotunde has been appointed Procurer-General.

The report of disturbances in Lyons is false.

The trial of those of the Communist leaders held here as prisoners will commence at once. The first trial will be that of M. Assy.

Louis Blanc has written a letter to the Figaro denouncing the Commune.

Arrests of Communist leaders continue. Sullier has been secured.

It is said that Jules Ferry will be appointed Minister to Washington.

QUEENSTOWN, June 7.—The steamship City of Baltimore, from Liverpool for New York, is at Queenstown, disabled.

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To Correspondents.

A SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE, Leesburg, Ohio, asks: "Who translated the Bible out of the original Hebrew into the English language. Where could we get a history of him or them, (as the case may be,) and how much does it cost? 2. Where could I get a book called Prince of the House of David, and what would it cost? 3. If Easter Sunday is the day Christ arose from the dead, why does it not come on the same day of each year?"—The English version of the Bible was not translated from the Hebrew. The first English Bible was that translated by Wickliffe about 1360. The first printed Bible in the English language was that of Tyndale, assisted by Coverdale. This was from the Latin translation, or Vulgate. This was translated from the Hebrew in the fifth century. This translation, revised, is still used by the Roman Catholics. This revised text was issued in 1592. A revised edition of Tyndale's translation into English, with preface, written by Archbishop Cranmer, was issued in 1540 and was known as Cranmer's Bible. In 1568 was published the Bishops Bible, and this formed the basis of the authorized version, or King James' Bible, published in 1611. This was not a new translation, but a thorough revision of the existing text by comparison with the Hebrew and Greek. The adapters or translators were the most eminent churchmen and most learned men of the kingdom, and the English translation was pronounced the best translation in the world. The Septuagint or Greek version was commenced as early as 285, B. C., by the Jews of Alexandria and according to tradition, was made by seventy translators. The correspondent will find in some editions of the Bible a concise account or history of the translation. The more extended works on the subject are hardly accessible.

2. "The Prince of the House of David" is sold for $2 and can be purchased at nearly any book store.

3. Easter is the Festival of the Resurrection of our Lord, or the Christian passover. The passover, among the Jews was celebrated on the 14th day of the month Abib, afterwards Nisan, or within a day or two before or after the vernal equinox. The early Christians differed in regard to the time of celebrating Easter. The churches in the West, taught, as they claimed, by St. Paul, observed the nearest Sunday to the full moon of Nisan, without taking account of the day on which the passover was celebrated. The Asiatic churches, in accordance with the tradition, derived, as they claimed, from St. John, followed the Jewish calander, adopted the 14th of Nisan as the day of the crucifixion, and celebrated the festival of Easter on the third day following, whatever day of the week that might be. The dispute on this point almost divided the church, and the subject continued under discussion until Constantine brought it before the Council of Nice, A. D. 325. The question was finally settled for the whole church by adopting the rule which makes Easter day to be always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after March 21; and if the full moon happen on a Sunday, Easter is the Sunday after. By this arrangement Easter may come as early as March 22, or as late as April 25.

A READER, Earlville, New York, writes: "If in the policy of an insurance company is inserted a clause, that if the insured dies by suicide the policy shall be null and void; if the insured becomes disessed and deranged and commits suicide, will the company be obliged to pay the amount for which the life was insured."—In such cases the company is obliged to pay the amount for which the life of the deceased was insured. As the Courts hold that every man who commits suicide is deranged, the policy has been paid in this State in nearly every case where a man insured, committed suicide.

THOMAS H. BREWER, Antelope, Nebraska, submits several questions. The first question is not written so that we can understand what is meant. The other questions are: "1. When a letter is returned does a man pay return postage? 2. Are the remains of Union soldiers buried in the National Cemeteries, or are the names only placed on monuments there?"—1. Letters returned by the Post Office Department, come free of postage. 2. The remains of Union soldiers were gathered from the various battle fields and interred in the National Cemeteries. This was done with great care, and now the grave of every soldier can be pointed out and something of his army history given.

S. A. B. C., Seneca, Kansas: We have no advice to offer in such a case. When so placed, every man must judge for himself.

W. W. H., Formes Village, Seneca County, N. Y., asks: How many books has "Nasby" written, and what are they?"—Of Nasby's writings—there have been published three volumes—"Views, Opinions and Prophecies of Petroleum V. Nasby," "Ekkoes from Kentucky," and "Swingin Round the Circle" These will be published as one work, in a short time.

F. F. GREEN, Bloomfield, Edgar Co., Ill., writes: "I would like to know the name and address of the surgeon of the First Division of the 11th Army Corps at the first days fight at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 1863. He was the kind hearted Doctor who took the wounded soldier on his gray horse, as he was wounded in the foot and could not walk, as Stonewall Jackson was driving that Corps back from his log hospital in the open field, south of the headquarters of the 11th Corps. Any one knowing him will confer a favor on a soldier, by addressing the TOLEDO BLADE, or the soldier, as above."

STATISTICAN, Arcola, Ill., asks:—"What States now lead in population. Does Ohio stand third, or does Illinois?"—New York has a population of 4,382,834; Pennsylvania, 3,519,601; Ohio, 2,662,332; Illinois, 2,539,538. According to the census of 1870, Ohio stands third and Illinois fourth.

REED, Grand Glade, Illinois, writes:—"I am drawing a pension for a disease contracted while in the service and line of duty. Would my wife at my death (supposing she outlives me) still draw this pension?"—If you die from the disease for which you now draw a pension, she will—otherwise not.

JOSEPH M. WALDORF, Cambria Mills, Michigan writes: "I enlisted May 13, 1861, in Co. C, 24th N. Y. V.; was mustered out June 2, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service. I received $100 bounty. Am I entitled to any more bounty?"—You would have been entitled to $100 additional bounty under act of July 28, 1866, provided your claim had been filed with the proper department before the 13th of January last.

P. Z. M. ANDERSON, Terre Haute, Ind., asks: "Can a soldier lay his warrant for 160 acres of land and homestead the same amount at the same time?"—It is difficult to answer a question when the inquirer does not make the point clear. The act of July 15, 1870, applies only to soldiers who served in the Army of the United States, in the late war for the Union. None of these received land warrants. The applicant on application, makes affidavit that the homestead is for his exclusive benefit and for the purpose of actual settlement and cultivation, and that he has not heretofore had the benefit of the homestead law. If the soldier holds a land warrant given for service in some other war, we think this would have no connection with his homestead entry under the act above referred to.

W. A. NEELY, Chandlerville, Ill., sends copy of a circular from some New York swindler, professing to send counterfeit money, &c., and asks that we give the matter a notice. Noticing such things and giving particulars is serving the purpose of the swindler. The dupes in such cases are bad men. If a circular would induce a man to invest, a notice of the circular, abuse it as much as we could, would be as much of an inducement to the same style of men. See article under head of "Editorial Notes."

S. L. R., Mingo, Ohio:—There was no Weekly of the date inquired for. The Weekly of March 30, is out of print. For information in regard to the Insurance Company, write to the State auditor of New York, Albany, New York, or to Gen. J. H. Godman, Auditor of State, Columbus, Ohio.

C. A. C., Rogers City, asks:—"Was there a law passed in 1867 to the effect that all honorably discharges soldiers should be exempt from poll tax?"—No such law was passed by Congress in 1867. We cannot answer as to State laws.

INQUIRER, Little Valley, N. Y. writes:—I would like to have some information in regard to the divorce laws of Indiana. Does one year's residence in that State render one clear from husband or wife if the person recites that length of time there for that purpose. Or do persons have to make application to the courts in the usual way also, and is the fact that a divorce can be procured easier in that State than in any other the reason that so many go there on such business, and is it the law that a person must reside one year there before he can obtain a divorce?"—All these questions are answered by the statement that the objectionable Indiana divorce laws have been repealed and that the laws are now similar to those in other States

J. D. E., Danville, Ill., asks: "1. If man and wife, by reason of bitter quarrels and strife separate and live apart, without being divorced, can the man be arrested for bigamy, if he marry again, and, if so, what is the penalty? 2. Can a woman claim support from a man after mutual separation. 3. Does a soldier have to take his family with him to enter his 160 acres, or can he go alone and remain on it long enough to get a deed from Uncle Sam. My brother and I served just four years in the army and would prefer leaving our wives here."—1. As the woman is still his wife and he takes a second wife with the second marriage, he is guilty of bigamy. The punishment is imprisonment at hard labor, the term varying in different States. 2. As to a woman claiming support after mutual separation, the question turns on how the separation was brought about. If there was a formal contract and division of property, it would be held in most cases, that the woman had no right to claim support. Such a separation is very often not recognized in law, at all. It is still a rule of common law that husband and wife cannot contract with each other, and no bargain which they can make directly with each other has any force or effect in law. Even, if this bargain is made through a third person, although the agreement provides that the separation shall be perpetual, and is clothed in the most stringent lanaguage yet as soon as either party wish the separation to cease it must cease. In other words the husband cannot deprive himself of the right to recall his wife, and she cannot deprive herself of her right to return. This general rule is modified in some States, but as the wife is a wife in spite of all that's said by herself or her husband until divorced under the law, we think it would be held that in most cases she could demand a husband's support. In all the cases of mutual separation on record, or cited as examples, the husband made provision for the wife.

3. If you enter a homestead you must make it your home. As we have often said before, there are no exceptions to this rule. When a man establishes a home for five years, it is not be supposed that he will prefer to leave his wife in an other State for the whole time. The object of the law was to provide homes, not to give land, for the mere fact of giving it.

MORRIS G. HIGLEY, Decatur, Nebraska writes: —"How many spiritualists are there in the United States and how many in the world. How many spiritual magazines and periodicals are published in the United States and Europe?" The people known as spiritualists have no close organization and publish no statistics of membership. Their estimates of believers in spiritualism, include all who believe that their departed friends can and do communicate with them in any way whatever, although these may be members of different Protestant Churches or members of the Roman Catholic Church. Judge Edmonds estimates that there are eleven millions believers in the United States, acknowledged and unacknowledged and among these are fifty thousand mediums. There are in the United States twenty State Associations of Spiritualists and 105 local Societies. If we count the members of the associations as we would the members of the Methodist or the Presbyterian Church, Spiritualists make a poor showing. In Europe estimates are made in about the same ratio as in this country. The Spiritual Register in 1860 reported the number of avowed Spiritualists in America at 1,500,000 and the number of believers at 4,000,000. That was at the period of the greatest excitement and the number of declared Spiritualists has not materially increased. The latest publications, at least, give no figures, but dwell on estimates. There were then published in America thirty periodicals in the interest of spiritualism. Many of these were short lived. There are now seven journals devoted to spiritualism published in the United States—one at Boston, one at Cleveland, two at Chicago, one at Baltimore, one at Lake Mills, Wisconsin, and one at Washington, D. C. Four journals devoted to the same, are published in England, seven in France, one in Austria, three in Spain, one in Italy, two in other European States, and one in Austria—in all 29 in the world. The names of about 300 declared mediums are published as living in the United States, and about the same number of lecturers. The character of the belief has changed much since the days of spirit rappings, and as many intelligent spiritualists are very quiet men, and make no public profession, it is extremely difficult to give a satisfactory answer as to numbers. We have given above, the claims of the most enthusiastic spiritualists as well as the "stubborn facts" that come to hand in the same connection.

JOHN WEED, Carthage, Mo., asks:—"Can you tell me the whereabouts of General Emory? Has he a graduate of West Point?"—Gen. W. H. Emory graduated at West Point in 1831. He served in the Army in the West up to the date of the Mexican war, and was Lieutenant Colonel of a cavalry regiment in that war. At the breaking out of the war in 1861, he was serving as Major in the First U. S. Cavalry in New Mexico. He first tendered his resignation, but moved his command to Kansas and withdrew the resignation. He was appointed Lieut. Colonel of the 5th Cavalry, May 14, 1861, and Brigadier General of Volunteers, March 17, 1862. He was, in 1869, Colonel of the 5th U. S. Cavalry, and perhaps holds the same position yet. We have no means of knowing his whereabouts. He was born in Maryland in 1812.

HENRY STONE, Oberline, Ohio asks:—"During Washington's Administration did not the Cabinet consist of four members instead of three?"—There were in 1870 or from the commencement of Washington's Administration, a Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War and Navy, Post Master General and Attorney General, or four Cabinet officers. Thomas Jefferson was the first Secretary of State; Alexander Hamilton the first Secretary of the Treasury; Henry Knox the first Secretary of War and Navy; Samuel Osgood the first Post Master General and Edmund Randolph the first Attorney General. Under President Adams there was added a Secretary of the Navy. Geo. Cabot was first appointed but declined and Benjamin Stoddert was appointed, and acted as the first Secretary of the Navy. The office of the Secretary of the Interior was created a few days before the inauguration of President Taylor in 1849. Thomas Ewing was the first to perform the duties of the office. The Post Master General was not considered a Cabinet officer until during Jackson's Administration.

The same correspondent adds: "Powell, in the Anal. Am. Law, says there are nine Justices of the Supreme Court, any six of whom form a quorum, and the annual term commences on the second Monday in January. Alden's Science of Government says there are ten Justices, five of whom form a quorum, and the annual term commences on the first Monday in December. Which shall I believe?"—The act of Congress, July 23, 1866, provided that no vacancy in the office of Associate Justice of the United States shall be filled up by appointment until the number of Associate Justices shall be reduced to six, and that thereafter the Supreme Court of the United States shall consist of a Chief Justice and six Associate Justices. Up to 1863 there were eight Associate Justices, or nine in all, and the Court met on the first Monday in December, at Washington. In 1863 there were nine Associate Justices, or ten in all. In 1865, a vacancy occurred (John Catrin, of Tennessee), and there were eight Associate Justices up to 1866, when another vacancy occurred (James M. Wayne, of Georgia). In 1869, another vacancy occurred (Robert C. Grier, of Pennsylvania). By act of Congress, in 1870, it was provided that the Supreme Court shall hereafter consist of a Chief Justice and eight Associate Justices. Wm. M. Strong, of Pennsylvania, and Joseph P. Bradley, of New Jersey, were appointed to fill the vacancies. The Court is now constituted as follows: Chief Justice—Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio. Associate Justices—Nathan Clifford, of Maine; Samuel Nelson, of New York; Wm. M. Strong, of Pennsylvania; Joseph Bradley, of New Jersey; David Davis, of Illinois; Noah H. Swayne, of Ohio; Samuel F. Miller, of Iowa, and Stephen J. Field, of California. The Court meets on the first Monday in December.

S. MONNIS, Dunkirk, Ind., asks about Congress land in Michigan.—For special information write to the "Register of Land Office, Detroit, Michigan" There is land subject to homestead entry, in the State. Location, &c., can be learned at the office designated above.

A. G. K. Lima, Ohio, writes:

1. Are officers as high in rank as First Lieutenants entitled to a homestead the same as privates. Can they homestead?

2. My son was four years in the army, 4 months as private, and the remainder of the time as 2d and 1st Lieutenant. If he can homestead will the government subtract from 5 years (homestead) the 4 years of service. In other words would he now according to last law, homestead and have his deed at the end of one year.

3. Can a person buy Government land in the older States, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, &c., at $1 25 per acre, since the passage of the Homestead law, without settlement.—1. The act of Congress July 15, 1870 says every private soldier and officer who has served in the Army of the United States during the rebellion, for ninety days, shall be entitled to the privileges of the Homestead law. 2. In soldier lingo, the Government "subtracts nothing." The person making the entry must remain on the homestead for five years. 3. Government land in the older States that has been advertised for sale, has been offered and has not been sold can be purchased at private sale, at the price for which it was publicly offered. Under other circumstances we incline to the opinion that public lands could not be bought at such a price.

H. K. B., Warsaw, writes:—My questions are all answered in your paper before I ask them.—My brother wants me to ask if he will have to live on a homestead more than two years. He enlisted in August, 1861; was honorably discharged in January, 1862, on account of sickness contracted in the army. He has been sick ever since he came out, has never received a cent of pension or bounty and there is no law to apply to his case for the bounty. He has lived in so many different places that it is impossible for him to follow out the line of evidence to prove his claim."—This question is like the others. It has been answered already. Your brother must live on the homestead for five years.

CORRESPONDENT, Transitville, Ind.—The firm enquired after has "sold out." We know nothing about the standing of the House. All that the BLADE publishers know of BLADE Advertisers, as a general rule, is stated in the advertisement. We cannot afford to advertise them further in this column.

M. S. MARINE, West Fairview, Pa., writes: "Will you please inform me why U. S. marines who enlisted in June, 1861, and served the full period of their enlistment (four years) are not entitled to any bounty. Others received bounty who enlisted afterward. Why not those who went at first call?"—No bounty was allowed, by law, for enlistments in naval or marine service prior to passage of act of July 4th, 1864, for the reason that seamen and marines were entitled to prize money, while soldiers were not.

EUGENE M. CHURCHILL, Shoalsburg, Missouri, writes: "I saw an advertisement in the St. Louis *Democrat* to the effect that soldiers who enlisted between May 5 and July 22, 1861, were entitled to $100 bounty whether they served two years or not. I enlisted May 28, 1861, and have never received any bounty."—You are entitled to $100 bounty under decision of U. S. Supreme Court. This class of claims cannot be paid until further action by Congress. T. W. Tallmadge, Esq., of Columbus will prosecute your claim to your entire satisfaction.

U. S., Pekin, Washington county, Ind., writes: "I enlisted July 10, 1861, and was taken prisoner as Hospital Steward, Sept. 20, 1863, at Chickamauga. A commission from the War Department, dated Sept. 21, 1863, was received at my regiment a few days after I was taken. I remained in prison until April 10, 1864, when I escaped; was then, after some delay, discharged to accept my commission; reached the regiment to which I was commissioned, in South Carolina, June 6, 1864, and was mustered as Assistant Surgeon, and of course only received pay as an officer from date of muster as such, notwithstanding there had been an appointment awaiting me at my regiment for more than eight months previous. Congress passed an act, approved July 11, 1870, the second section of which allowed officers who were commissioned while in prison, pay from date of commission, instead of from date of muster. I applied to the Adjutant General of the U. S. Army for re-muster, who ruled that, in accordance with a General Order in existence at that time, an officer must "present his commission" for muster, and could only receive pay from date of such presentation, basing his ruling on Sec. 3 of said act, clearly contrary to the intent of Congress and the plain reading of the act, as decided by everybody to whom I have referred the case. Now I wish to inquire: 1st. If you do not think the law allows me the difference of pay between an enlisted man and officer for the time I was in prison? and 2d, What course shall I pursue to get it? I applied to the Adjutant General, with all the proofs and papers necessary, and he decided against me. The amount due is about $700."—Congress has repeatedly passed acts to the purport of the one above quoted, but they have all been rendered inoperative by the rulings of the War Department. It is possible that they may yet be able to to pass a law that will be obeyed. At present the rulings of the War Department hold good, and under these rulings the claim will be rejected. Opinions in the face of decisions amount to very little. In such a case, we can only recommend patience.

A CONSTANT READER, Ashbys Mills, asks;—"1. Who was Charles the Bald? 2. What relation was Gen. Howe, (British) to Robert Howe (America) in the Revolution? 3. What was the relationship of Gen. George Washington, Col. Washington (Revolution) and Captain Washington, (Mexican war)? 4. Who was Procopius? 5. What is the Magna Charta? 6. Who was Pythagoras?"—1. Charles II of France, who received the crown in 840, was called "Charles the Bald." He was crowned Emperor of the Western Empire in 875. In making the return journey from Rome to France he was poisoned by his physician and died in a cottage on Mount Cenis, in the 54th year of his age, and the 28th of his reign over France and the 3d over the Western Empire. The first Charles was Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, the second, Charles the Bald; the third, Charles the Simple, and so on.

2. The two men were not relatives. At least, no mention of relationship is made in the sketches before us.

3. Col. Wm. Augustine Washington is mentioned in Gen. Washington's will as his nephew. This Colonel Washington was always a favorite with WASHINGTON. Major JOHN MACRAE WASHINGTON, who served in the Mexican War, who afterward served as Military Governor of New Mexico, and who died in 1853, was born in Virginia, but he is not spoken of as a relative of Gen. GEO. WASHINGTON.

4. Procopius was a Byzantine historian. He officiated as secretary of Bellisarius, and accompanied that commander in his wars against the Persians, against the Vandals in Africa, and against the Goths in Italy. On his return to Constantinople, he received from the Emperor Justinian the title of *Illustris* and was made prefect of the city. He wrote an interesting history of his times and other works often referred to. He was born about the year 500, and died in 565.

5. The Magna Charta was the great charter of [redacted] liberties, signed by King John of England [redacted] 1215. The charter confirmed the liberties [redacted] redressed grievances incidental to [redacted] prohibited unlawful amercements, distresses or punishments, restrained the royal prerogative of purveyance and preemption, regulated the forfeiture of lands, prevented exclusive grants, established the right of the owner of personal property to dispose of it by will, put the law of dower on the footing on which it has stood ever since, protected merchants, required uniformity of weights and measures, guarded against delays and denials of justice, brought the trial of issues within reach of all freemen, asserted and confirmed the liberties of the city of London and other cities, and protected every freeman from loss of life, liberty or property except by the judgment of his peers or the law of the land. The principles of this great charter were never forgotten or lost sight of by the people, and it was called "the keystone of English liberty."

6. Pythagoras was a Greek philosopher, born in Samos about 580 B. C., and who died in Metapontum about 504 B. C. He was the founder of a religious and political association in Southern Italy. He was eloquent, had great influence, and his philosophy had many adherents. In addition to being a metaphysical philosopher, Pythaberas was a great geometrician and astronomer.

Pythagoreanism, though founded on the mysticism of numbers, was regarded as a scientific doctrine. It was in its tendency ascetic and inculcated a strict self-control and earnest culture. The aim of life was to make it represent the beautiful order of the universe. Pythagoras claimed that the universe was a harmonious whole, consisting of 10 great bodies revolving in choral dance about a common center, this center the seat of the universe and the principle of life. The stars were divinities and men and even inferior animal were akin to the Supreme Being.—The souls of men were moving numbers, light particles from the universal soul, capable of combining with any body, and destined to pass through several bodies. He taught with all this the doctrines of moral retribution. The brain was the seat of the reason and understanding and the heart of passion. Moral good was identified with unity and evil with multiplicity.—Virtue was the harmony of the soul and its similitude to God

The doctrines, for a time very popular, became finally unpopular on account of the haughty bearing of the members of the secret order engaged in disseminating them, and the order was suppressed, and one account states that Pythagoras was burned in the Temple with his disciples.

CITIZEN, Sandyville, Iowa, asks: "Which are the three most populous cities in the United States, and what is the population of each?"—New York, 922,531; Philadelphia, 674,022; and St. Louis, 310,864.

CADET, Fairfield, Pa., asks: "At what age are Cadets received at West Point and what must be the height of the applicant? 2. In what branches are Cadets examined? 3. What do you think of my writing?"—Candidates must be over 17 and under 22 years of age. Soldiers who served during the war for the suppression of the rebellion are eligible for appointment up to the age of 24. Candidates must be at least 5 feet in height and free from any deformity, disease or infirmity. 2. Candidates are expected to read and write well, to have a thorough knowledge of Arithmetic, English Grammar, Descriptive Geography and History. 3. Your writing is only tolerably good, but has a good element of strength in it.

A SUBSCRIBER, Marquette Co., Michigan, asks our advice about investing money, and then asks: "Why are the National Banks so called? Is the Government responsible? Which is the leading newspaper in New York, and which has the largest circulation?"—Money loaned to businessmen, who are using it, brings the highest rate of interest. With good security, this would be as profitable an investment as any, under the circumstances described.

The system of banking under which the National banks are organized, is uniform throughout the Nation, the same in every State, or National. The banks deposit bonds with the U. S. Treasury to the extent of one-third of their capital. The *Tribune* is as much entitled to the name "leading paper," perhaps, as any of the New York papers. The *Tribune* has the largest weekly circulation 192,000. Among the illustrated papers, *Harper's Weekly* takes the lead, with a circulation of 100,000.

That Tenuantepec Canal will only cost $100,000,000.

Lobelia, it is said, has been successfully administered by a Cleveland physician in three well-marked cases of lock-jaw.

A Troy editor lately returned a tailor's bill with the following memorandum on the margin: "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."

A paper having had an article headed with the conundrum, "Why do wives fade?" a cotemporary "supposes it is because they won't wash."

It is so hot in Washington that all the Cabinet except Secretary Belknap have left; and he stands on the burning deck whence all but him have fled.

Some one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

A well-known Democrat at Louisville talked with Horace Greeley, at the hotel, Sunday, and now hopes he may live "long enough to vote for the purest and worthiest man in the country—Horace Greeley."

Butterflies have been found flying at sea, six hundred miles from land. Their buoyancy is great and the muscular effort of flying must be small, while the wind drives them forward rapidly over great distances.

One of the new uses to which sponge is being put is that of pads to be placed under stair carpets, as well as underneath those in parlors, bedrooms, &c. Heretofore cotton waste or wadding was used for that purpose.

A man died at St. Louis recently, and, in his will, after stating that he "never forgot a favor," left $1,000 to an individual who ten years before ran away with his wife. Thus do charitable actions sooner or later reap their own reward.

The Princess Marguerite, wife of the eldest son of the King of Italy, is said to be so artless and lovely in person and in manner, that she fascinates all who approach her. Even her husband is more or less in love with her.

Just now they are having a joke out West on a compositor who set up the toast, "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," and got the stops in the wrong place, and produced: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." They say that his wife, who helped read the proof, discovered the mistake right away.

Helmbold's "Materia Medica."

The success of Dr. HELMBOLD'S medicines may be inferred from the capacity and cost of the Magnificent Building at 594 Broadway N. Y., which, those who have seen it, describe as having been put up to endure for all time, and is furnished so elegantly that it is calculated to draw tears of ecstacy and admiration from cultivated and esthetic critics. It is 28 feet front, 275 feet deep and is five stories in height. It contains a wholesale Department, a Grand Reception Room and Ladies' Boudoir, Counting Room and Advertising Department, on the first floor. In the Ladies' Boudoir is an elaborate and Superb Soda Fountain, surmounted by a magnificent Chinese pagoda, and the boudoir is furnished in oriental splendor with most costly furniture. In the Wholesale Department the utmost activity may be observed. Packages are piled up marked for every conceivable point on the surface of the globe, at least wherever communication has found its way to the abodes of man. The extensive and profitable business of the Doctor has not been built up in a day, but is the fruit of liberal yet judicious advertising, skill in his profession, and close attention to business for nearly a score of years. The Doctor's manners must have done something to smooth the way for success if the following description of him by a New York writer may be relied on:

"Dr. Helmbold is about five feet six inches in height, dark brown hair, heavy eyebrows, full whiskers cut rather close."

[We might add—a bright and intelligent eye, well shaped head, and a mouth that denotes firmness and decision of character.]

"In dress he is faultless. A first-class business suit, the whitest of shirts, elegant wristbands, hair neither too smooth nor too rough—the dress, in all respects, indicating a business man of taste, wealth and prominence. He walks to this man on the right, looks over his shoulder at some work he is doing, nods approvingly; then to his cash book, makes a few inquiries, says that is right; then asks the cashier of the concern one or two questions, nods approvingly, takes in the entire store at a glance, says very politely to those in charge, "Good day, gentlemen!" He passes out, nods to the acquaintances, shakes hands with that one, and, with a kind word to all passes but to his private carriage waiting before the door, and, if the weather be pleasant, with one or two friends, is off for a drive through Central Park and up the Bloomingdale road, behind his elegant (four-in-hand) horses. At six o'clock we find him at his elegant residence on Fourteenth street, ready for dinner. And there are always at his well-furnished table two or three extra plates and extra chairs for such friends as he may invite to his house, for Helmbold believes that it is not good for man to eat alone. And though he has at his home one of the most beautiful women of the land for a wife and a family of three little children, he still delights in extending the most generous hospitality to those who are always welcome when invited."

THE LARGEST WORKSHOP OF THE BODY IS THE LIVER, whose office it is to withdraw the bile from the blood; when this important organ does not act, the skin assumes a yellow appearance, and generally a SICK HEADACHE sets in, with chilly sensations, and cold hands and feet, accompanied with loss of appetite. The system becomes clogged, the machinery does not work well, and the body and mind are disordered, the affected becoming cross and fretful, finding fault with everything around them. To any person in this condition Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills are recommended; by their stimulating action the Liver soon recovers its healthy tone, and is enabled to perform its proper functions. Costiveness is cured, and all the aggravating symptoms of biliousness removed. Sold everywhere.

ALL WOMEN ARE NOT BEAUTIFUL—But all may have a pretty complexion and a soft skin by the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Instead of a face covered with coarse Pimples, Sunburn, Moth-patches, &c., she may possess a pearl-like complexion, the envy of her sex, and the admiration of the other. Its effects are wonderful. Nothing so transforms a rustic girl into a city belle as this Balm. It imparts a youthful bloom to the countenance, and really makes a lady of 25 appear but 18. In connection with the Balm, use Lyon's celebrated Kathairon, the oldest, the best and most popular hair dressing in the world. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and prevents it from falling off and turning gray. ju8w4t.

....FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES and Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. The only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations from the skin.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Blotched Disfigurations on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Thousands suffer from it.—A weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy, animation or vigor, low spirits, confused head, weak memory, nocturnal or involuntary seminal emissions, with loss of power and threatened impotence. The consequence of excesses, overwork or indescretions. This is NERVOUS DEBILITY, and it finds a sovereign remedy in HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. TWENTY-EIGHT. Thousands have been cured by these simple sugar pills. They tone up the system, arrest the discharges, dispel the gloom and mental depression, and rejuvenate the system. Price $5 for a package of five boxes and a vial of powder, which is important in all old long-standing cases, or $1 per single box. Sold by all first-class druggists, and sent to any address on receipt of the price. Addres HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., 562 Broadway, New York march30w1yr

KING OF THE BLOOD, the most thorough purifier of the blood yet discovered cures all humors, from a common eruption to the worst scrofula. A cure is warranted where the directions are strictly adhered to.

Spring Medicine.—It is an invaluable medicine in the Spring of the year to carry off the accumulations of thick bile from the liver, and viscid secretions from the other glands of the system. One or two bottles will arouse all the functions of the body to healthy action, restore the appetite, clear the brain and carry off those symptoms of languor and heaviness everybody feels, more or less, as warm weather approaches.

For sale by all Druggists.

☞ See Advertisement of Dr. BUTTS' Dispensary, headed, Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

....THE BEST TONIC—Casewell & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphated Elixer of Calisaya. oct27w1y

....HAZARD & CASEWELL'S Cod Liver Oil is the best. oct27w1y

$10 From 50 Cents.

Something urgently needed by everybody. Call and examine, or twelve samples sent (postage free) for fifty cents that retails readily for ten dollars.

R. L. WOLCOTT,
181 Chatham Square, N. Y.
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The Markets.

TOLEDO PRODUCE MARKETS.

TUESDAY MORNING, June 13, 1871.

Flour—An advance in prices of wheat has stimulated the flour market, and coupled with a better demand, has improved prices about 25c per bbl and there is increased firmness noticeable in all quotations. We quote Fine at $4 25@4 50; Superior at $4 75@5; Extra at $5 25@5 50, and XX and fancy brands at $5 75@8. Rye Flour, $5 50.

Wheat—The general movement in this grain, although not so large as during the previous week, was very much above the average for several years past, the receipts aggregating upwards of 80,000 bushels and the shipments about 75,000 bushels. The market has ruled more active than during any previous week of the present season, and a speculative business has been transacted, chiefly in Amber, that is scarcely exceeded in the history of our market. The speculative demand was principally for sellers' options during this month; yet a considerable quantity has sold for July delivery. The option sales, mostly for June and re sales 80,500 bu. The market for the past two or three days has ruled firm at about 4@4¼c advance on the quotations of one week ago, with increased activity, especially for Amber, which has been and is now the favorite grade. We quote closing prices last evening as follows: Amber 151¾c spot and seller June and 143¾c seller July; No. 1 White Michigan 152½c; White Michigan regular 145c; No. 2 White Wabash nominally 170c; No. 1 Red 152@153c, the outside for Wabash Railway; No. 2 Red 147@148c; No. 3 Red 144c; Rejected Red 140c.

Corn—The movement in this grain continues large, the receipts for the week amounting to 186,000 bushels and the shipments about 240,000 bushels. The market has ruled rather quiet at a slight advance in prices, which closed on Saturday about ½c higher than one week ago; yesterday, however, the market wrakened a trifle and before the close a decline of ½c was established, and the market closed rather tame. There has been very little disposition to speculate in Corn, and it was only occasionally that a sale was made for future delivery. We quote closing prices of yesterday: High-mixed on the spot, 60c buyer July and 61c buyer August; Low-mixed 57c; No. 2 Grade 58c; Damaged 46c; Yellow 60c; Michigan 57c.

Oats—There has been very little activity in the market for this grain since our last, and the volume of trade is small. Prices are about 1c higher on No. 1 of the different kinds and 1½c on No. 2, and 1c on Michigan. The closing quotations are: No. 1 Wabash 37c; No. 1 Dayton & Michigan 36c; No. 1 Lake shore and Canal 36½c; No. 2 Wabash (for railroad and canal), Michigan 34@35c.

There is nothing doing in either Rye or Barley and quotations of loose grains are nominal.

Pork—The decline in Hog products has been universal throughout the country. Within a few days past heavy mess has been offered in this market at $15 without finding a buyer. It is held at the range of $16@17 for small lots to the retail trade.

Smoked Meats—The market is inactive and prices nominal; we quote Hams at the range of 16@18c, the latter for sugar-cured, sacked.

Butter—There is no decided change in prices, but increases dullness is noticeable. The market is well supplied with choice, which sells at 18@20c; the inferior qualities are entirely neglected.

Cheese—This article is lower and the market dull at our quotations, which are, 15½c for Hamburg and 16½c for Western Reserve.

Potatoes—The market for all kinds except Peach Blowsis quiet and steady. P. B's are in fair demand for shipment at 82@85c; other varieties range at 70c to 78c, according to quality and condition.

Dried Fruits—The market continues overstocked with Dried Apples and prices are again lower—6@6½c. Peaches are not so abundant and last week's prices still rule—12c for peeled.

Beans—There is a large supply on the market and as a result the vegetable is slow of sale. We quote prime at the range of $1 to $1 60; small $1 25 to $1 60.

Lard—We note a decline of about ½c in prices, and report the market dull at 10c for prime in tubs, and kegs.

Mill Feed—Continues in active request, but at a slight decline for coarse. Bran sells at $18, and Coarse Middlings at $20; while $33 is freely bid for fine Middlings. Corn Meal $1.10 per cwt.

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, June 12, 1871.

Cotton in fair demand and higher; middling uplands 20½c. Flour steady; receipts 12,000 bbls; superfine, western and state, $5 60@6 00; common to good extra $6 15@6 30; good to choice $6 30@$7 60; white western extra, $6 90@7 25; Ohio extras, $6 3 @6 95; St. Louis, $6 30@9 00. Rye flour, $4 25@6 10. Corn Meal—Brandywine, $4 15. Whiskey, 94@94½c. Wheat dull; receipts 52,000 bu; new spring 134@135c. Rye, Barley and Malt unchanged. Corn opened dull, but closed active; receipts 202,000 bu; mixed western, common, 71@72c; good to choice 73@73½c. Yellow, 77@79c. Oats firm; receipts 48,000 bu; western and Ohio, 66@69c. Hay and Hops quiet. Coffee steady; Rio 13@16c. Sugar steady; Cuba 9¼@9¾. Petroleum—crude 15c, refined 23¾c. Total Stock of Grain—Wheat, 230,000 bushels; Corn, 292,000 bushels; Oats, 324,000 bushels; Rye, 115,000 bushels; Barley, 2,480 bushels; Malt, 142,000 bushels. Provisions—Pork firm; Mess $16; prime $13@13½; prime mess, new, $18@14; seller July and August at $15¾@15¾. Beef steady; plain mess, $10@15; extra do, $14@17c. Hams 20@22c. Tierce Beef—prime mess $20@25; India mess $22@28. Cut Meats steady. Hams 10@13c. Shoulders, 5¾@6c. Middles quiet and hels higher. Lard firm; prime steam 9¾@11c; kettle dried 11c; seller July at 11¾@11¾; and seller November and December at 10¾@10¾c. Butter scarce and firm; western 10@23c; State 12@30c. Cheese steady at 10¾@12¾c for common to prime, new.

LATEST—Flour steady; $6 20@6 40 for shipping extras. Wheat firm; spring, 155¾c; red and amber, 163@165. Pork steady. Lard firm; seller August at 11¾@11¾c. Eggs active at 17@17¾c.

Government Stock Market.

NEW YORK, June 12

Sterling Exchange 110.			
Coupons of '81.....	117¾	Coup's of '67.....	114¾
do of '62.....	113¾	do of '68.....	114¾
do of '64.....	112¾	10-40s.....	9¾
do of '65.....	112¾	Currencies.....	115½
do new.....	111¾	Gold.....	112¾

Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, June 12.

Cotton firm and a shade higher; middling 19@19¼c. Flour steady, family $6 80@7 00. Wheat scarce and firm, and higher; No 1 red winter 155c. Corn dull and drooping at 50c. Rye dull at 95@100c. Oats steady; No 2 52@54c. Barley in good demand; sales 4,000 bu, new crop, at 100c seller August. Groceries in good demand at full prices. Oils quiet and unchanged. E